

THE RAMBLER.

VOL. VII. *New Series.*

APRIL 1857.

PART XL.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

AT a time when the rights of the state to confiscate at will the goods of the religious orders is a recognised principle of half Europe; when the Catholics of Sardinia and Spain have to lament a nefarious spoliation, which has been defended not only by the organs of Socialism and of Revolution, but even by men who flatter themselves that they occupy the foremost rank in the army of order and conservatism; when among ourselves a profligate party would pauperise our seminaries, put our convents under inspection, and take into its own hands the management of our charitable funds,—it is surely opportune to consider somewhat at length the foundation of the natural and civil rights of religious orders.

In the first place, then, we claim for religious the rights of the citizen; and above and beyond these, the rights of the benefactor of citizens, the rights of genius, of devotion, and of love.

The rights of man are notoriously violated, when he is forbidden to live such a life as he judges most conducive to his well-being and reasonable happiness. “*An quisquam est alius liber,*” asks Persius, “*nisi ducere vitam cui licet, ut voluit?*” Any difficulty thrown by the government in the way of clerical and conventual life, is more or less such a violation of the rights of the citizen. How can the government forbid its subjects to feel the domination of caprice and chance, to desire their liberation from this tyranny, and to submit to any rule that promises them such a blessing? When a man longs to supply, by external authority, his own want of constancy and resolution, and to court the government of others, when long experience has convinced him of his inability to govern himself, what right has any person to interfere with his plans? If only in favour of these weak

souls, the right of religious association is a right of human nature. But there is another class for whose happiness, and whose perfect development, it is the best interest of mankind to provide; there are souls endued with power—call it genius, or inspiration, or vocation—to do incalculable good to their fellow-creatures; peculiar souls that require a peculiar life, and peculiar institutions for their proper and healthy development. Plunge them into the only life which our political quacks would recognise, and you make them miserable. There is, as an infidel writer confesses, a latent antagonism between genius and the humdrum domesticity of common life, which must often cause much misery. Affections are strong, but ideas are stronger. Through them Howard left his only child in a madhouse, while he carried out his benevolent reforms in the prisons of distant countries. They steeled Bernard Palissy to see unmoved his wife and children perishing, while he tore up the very boards of his cottage to feed the furnace for his experiments. They possessed the painter who stabbed his brother, that he might truly paint the throes of the death-agony. They made Rousseau, who could take such pains to give the rules for his idea of education in *Emile*, leave his own children to be brought up in a foundling hospital. They could lead Sterne to neglect a dying mother, while he indulged in pathos over a dead donkey. They make the domestic and conjugal life of the great poets the blots in their biography, the most painful portion of their history. Yes, ideas are stronger than affections, not only in individuals, whose intellect raises them above their fellows, but in whole populations; who have before now been driven into the wildest excesses, or exalted to the most heroic sacrifices, by an idea, as our modern philosophers call it, by their convictions and superstitions, or, in the language of the Church, by their faith, their hope, and their charity.

We do not pretend that ideas are as large a constituent of common life as affections: the affections are its substratum and groundwork, universal and continuous; ideas, on the contrary, are isolated and concentrated flashes of power, not always in action, but bearing all things before them when they do act. Now, no civil government does its duty to human nature, when it makes, or even permits, no provision for the ideal life. It is a suicidal policy in the statesman to refuse to make use of the power of ideas; but it is worse than this, it is a murderous policy, when their development is repressed either positively by penal enactment, or negatively, by depriving them of all means of existence. The same ideal genius that, in the midst of the most unfavourable

circumstances, pushes forward a Howard or a Nightingale (to take the popular, not the best, examples), is found in smaller quantity perhaps, or weaker concentration, but still is found in numerous men and women; these all have it strongly enough within them to render the usual life disgusting and miserable; but not strongly enough to enable them to break the trammels of custom, to defy public opinion, to leave house and family for the hospital or the prison, and to consummate that sacrifice which they yearn to make. Others, too, of a temperament analogous to that of poets, persons who, like Byron, or Shelley, or Keats, or Tennyson, are always raving like maniacs, or mourning like doves, over life and its miseries, over their isolation, and want of sympathy with the dry round of domestic existence, are more numerous than the mere statistician would ever suspect. Confine these persons to our recognised life, they become what may be truly called one of our dangerous classes; some may find vent for their ideality in the back-woods of America, in the dangers of African exploration, in the excitement of travel or of commerce; but most will pine in solitude, making themselves, and those who have the misfortune to be near them, wretched; or distilling the virus of their discontent into novels, or poems, or articles, with which they poison the very springs of social life.

The classes, then, in whom ideality predominates over affection, though scanty in comparison to the whole, are yet absolutely large enough to form a considerable element in the census of a population; and important enough, from the fund of power which they possess, to enter into the calculations of every prudent politician. Even in this view only, the Church has proved herself wiser than all the statesmen. They have been completely paralysed in the presence of the ideal element of humanity; they have mocked at it, have sought to repress it, or to divert it, and have been throttled in its grasp. But the Church understood it from the first. From this class of persons she has chosen her ministers; and her peculiar education and institutions have always sought to foster and to develop it. That same element which makes a rare manifestation of itself in our common civil life, in isolated cases of Howards or Nightingales, is in the Church of every-day occurrence. Not that human nature is different among us, but because the Church knows how to kindle the smouldering fire and to vivify the expiring spark which the foot of Protestantism so ruthlessly stamps out. The active orders are founded on the spirit of Howard; the contemplative develop the finer and more purely ideal spirit of the

poetical enthusiast. Persons of such organisation cannot be happy in common life; therefore it is mere tyranny to compel them to endure it: they can be both happy and useful in monastic life, and therefore they have a right to it by the very law of nature. A policy which represses, directly or indirectly, this right, is both murderous and suicidal: murderous, because it prevents a large class of persons from finding the end to which their peculiar nature is adapted; suicidal, because it converts this class into an element dangerous, often fatal, to the internal peace of a nation.

Yet this policy has been that of the "philosophers" who have more or less directed the destinies of Europe since the Reformation. The rights of the individual, which are both logically and naturally prior to those of society, have found no favour in their schemes; which, in exalting the state above the persons who compose it, have resuscitated the ancient absolutism of paganism, and in their maxim, that "every thing is permitted for the interests of the state," have in the name of liberty invented a maxim, whose object appears to be that of legitimatising all possible tyrannies and despotisms. The ultimate and primal right of every person to choose that state of life which, in itself innocuous, he judges to be most conducive to his own enjoyment, virtue, and usefulness, has been in modern times openly and solemnly violated by the forcible suppression of religious orders.

But, says the statesman, what is the use of them?

Now, in the first place, what right have you, MM. Kaunitz and Cavour, Henry VIII., and Joseph II., to ask any individual, who refuses to perform no contract to which he is obliged, who consents to bear his share of the burdens imposed on the state by the government; what business have you to ask him of what use he is? You did not create him; he was not created for you. He owes you, as Cæsar, certain dues; and these he renders, or is willing to render: what right have you to interfere further, and to ask him about the utility of the rest of his life to the state? If he chooses to spend all his time in playing dominoes, how does it concern you? You tolerate with the greatest indifference the "golden youth" who lounge away their lives in theatres, in taverns, in hells, and dens of vice; you bear with the genus of dandies, fellows who for whole hours employ all the thought withinside their noddles to becurl and bedeck the outside; the only persons you will not bear with are those whom you can reproach with no vice, no frivolity; are those who can only be said to be useless to society,—if it is useless for mankind that some among them should give them-

selves up entirely to the exercise of their highest faculties, to the pursuit of that end for which man was originally created. They are mystics, you will say. Well, but so are your poets, and so are their readers. Is the *Imitation of Christ* less a benefaction to humanity than *Childe Harold*? Are the enthusiastic disciples of the former more pernicious to society than the sentimental, sensuomental readers and admirers of the latter? Utility is *not* the measure or the principle of popular admiration. A singer, a fiddler, a dancer, can command an ovation which would be refused to the maker of steam-engines, or the builder of a hospital. The true nobility of our nature lies in its ideal element; and men feel instinctively that the artist, the philosopher, the contemplative sage, and the saint, all stand on higher platforms than the economist or the utilitarian. These things may in your eyes be useless to the state; but it is no concern of yours to interfere with them; nay, it is the most disgusting tyranny to put difficulties into the way of a vocation which human nature instinctively reverences as the fulfilment of her most noble ends.

But, you will say, these monastic bodies had managed to acquire, and to clutch in the cold grip of their "dead-hand,"* a great share of the property of the state, which thus became unproductive capital, tied up from other uses; and what was worse, an incentive that made persons with no vocation enter the order, not for the purpose of leading that mystical life, that ideal existence they are supposed to follow, but for the more practical purpose of eating the loaves and fishes annexed to the foundation. Hence have arisen scandals which have brought the religious life into contempt; and the state has suffered not only from the injury done to the religious sentiment, but from the undue multiplication of a set of drones, *fruges consumere nati*, whose interest it has always been to obstruct all progress in the material prosperity of the commonwealth. Vested interests indeed are sacred things; what a man has legally acquired, the state has no right to deprive him of; but it has a right to regulate the laws of succession, and the rights of tenure, in such a way as to prevent any considerable portion of its wealth being locked up for ever in hands which are precluded from making any commercial use of the property they hold.

But it is exactly these "vested interests," which in the case of religious, the state does not respect: it respects neither the right of the present possessors, nor the contingent rights of all those persons whose nature, or temperament, or

* Mort-main.

organisation, or vocation,—call it what you will,—will not allow them to be happy in common life, but urges them to forsake the world, and to retire into these religious foundations. Such a temperament is a common thing in nature; you may say that it is a weakness; but so is sickness, so is poverty, so is ignorance: and if munificent persons choose to found princely establishments for the sick, or the poor, or the ignorant, will any theory of right be a justification for your confiscating these foundations for your own benefit? Will any orator be found to defend the plunderer and leveller of hospitals and almshouses, of schools and colleges? Reckon, if you please, the mystical element of our nature to be allied to insanity,—there is a sense in which we may allow it; genius, whether in the natural or the supernatural order, looks very like folly—

“Great wits are, sure, to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

Saints have prayed to become fools for the love of God, as He became, as it were, a fool for love of man. For all that takes us out of the dead level of ordinary life, that which raises us above, as well as that which sinks us below it, unfits us for living as ordinary people, and makes us appear eccentric and insane. Reckon, therefore, the convent to be a species of lunatic asylum; even then we claim for it the rights of the weak, the rights of the miserable and the poor.

Yes, you will say, we do reckon them to be lunatic asylums, but asylums, not for the cure, but for the propagation of lunacy. Take them away, and there is no temptation to your moonstruck youths and damsels to indulge their mystical fancies, and to render themselves useless to society. Destroy convents, and that peculiar form of madness which urges persons to become monks and nuns disappears. No, it does not disappear; it simply changes its form; it becomes the dangerous ideal element of society; that element of exaltation and exaggeration, which plunges nations into the most fantastic absurdities, fierce fanaticism, cynical immorality, cold-blooded cruelty, and wild revolution. The Church is the only power which has ever arisen in the world which has showed itself equal to the task of satisfying the aspirations and disciplining the minds of this kind of persons; she alone has used them for edification instead of destruction; has applied their energies, instead of allowing them to run to waste. Of one class of such minds she makes her sisters of charity and mercy, her brothers of the hospitals, and her attendants on the infirm in body or mind; to this class belong her religious of both sexes, who occupy themselves in

superintending the education of the young, the reformation of criminals, or the instruction of the deaf and dumb and blind; others occupy themselves in manual labour, and might still be found, as in the middle ages, to be the pioneers of civilisation in a savage country. Then we come to that other great order of minds whose attributes are more purely ideal, who are more analogous to poets and philosophers than to active philanthropists and benevolent reformers. These all choose a life of retirement and contemplation; and in their cloister do they inflict any more damage on society than if they were left to moon and mope at home, unable to enjoy themselves, and spoiling the enjoyment and happiness of their whole families by the eccentricities of their character and conduct? There is now a universal demand that the right man should be put into the right place; that the round man should no longer be fitted into the square hole, nor the square man into the round hole. We defend our convents on this very principle: there are triangular persons, male and female, in the world; but, except in convents, there are no triangular holes in which they can find a berth. You will never have the right persons in the right places, if you refuse to allow us to provide right places for a whole division of humanity, or if you claim your right to destroy or modify our foundations at your own pleasure. We do not deny that these pigeon-holes may become too luxurious, and may attract a cuckoo-brood to usurp the place of the doves. But let your remedies be proportioned to the disease: do not destroy the organ to cure a superficial injury; do not cut off the foot to cure the corns, or the head to cure the toothache; do not uproot the whole conventual system to remedy isolated cases of abuse. Such conduct is the murderous quackery of the cheating charlatan, not the wholesome, even if severe, practice of the wise physician.

We maintain, then, the rights of convents, even on the impertinent assumption of the unsoundness of mind of their inmates;—we need not say that, except for argument's sake, we heartily repudiate any such insinuation;—the voluntary resignation of family ties we take to be one of the greatest signs of true nobility of nature. The great intellectual and practical benefactors of our race have all been childless men. The memory of heroes who have left children to represent them has almost always suffered in consequence. *Ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων τέκνα πῆματα*. What an anomalous appendage to the ideal Socrates is Xanthippe with her babies! Lord Bacon, who lived just long enough after the change of religion to be able to compare the results of the two systems, observes: “A

man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, who have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed; so the care of posterity is most in them who have no posterity." Yes, those who are "according to the order of Melchisedech," without father, mother, or descent, are the great public benefactors of our race; and any institution which can organise and develop the powers of those persons who feel within them the call to this great legion of honour, confers a benefit on humanity which the statesman is a fool to ignore.

But, after all, it is useless to insist on the utility of the conventual life; utility and expediency ought scarcely to be named where the question is one of right. Yet it is not amiss to remind persons that the untaught enthusiasm of the lady-volunteers for our Eastern hospitals was obliged to seek instruction from the organised and scientific benevolence of the Sisters of Charity, and that the fruits of the expensive establishments of English missionaries among the heathen are but as nothing compared to the harvest gathered by the half-starving priest. But this is not the question: what we maintain is, that we have a right to live in convents if we please; that our mode of life there is not one of robbery, leads to no violation of the rights of others, and is one with which the state has absolutely no right to interfere. And yet these persons, in spite of their unquestionable right, in spite of the claims to your gratitude which many of their body had established, are the only ones whom you would systematically exclude from the protection of the law, whom you consider as aliens to society, whom you despoil not only of their civil rights, but also of the rights which belong to them as men; for every man has the right of being left at liberty to choose and to carry out the mode of life he thinks best, and of not being robbed of the property he legally holds.

Public utility is not the ultimate rule of government. The expression is one of the vaguest, unfitted to commit the governing authority to any definite aim and course of conduct. If you understand it as meaning the utility of the majority, then the minority is always sacrificed, society is gradually split up into mutually exterminating factions, and must finish with the catastrophe of the cats of Kilkenny. If you understand it as the utility of each individual, then it is but an inexact phrase for public right: in this case you re-establish the equality of every one in the sight of the law, the rights of the individual are re-asserted, rights anterior to those of the majority, and which it is the primary duty of government

to respect. These rights are the real and inviolable elements of public utility, so that the government which injures the private man essentially injures the public; not a party, not a majority, but the public, the whole complex body of citizens.

The rights of government over individuals are excessively limited: it can exact a fair share of contribution to its expenses; it can require that the citizens abstain from all personal violence, from all robbery, from all fraud, and invasion of the sphere of other persons' rights. But who pretends that the inmates of convents are more liable to break these broad laws than other persons? But perhaps the government can require of them a greater amount of charity and active benevolence towards their fellow-creatures? Absurd! Who would maintain that the government has the right of fixing for each citizen the measure of charity which he ought to practise? and if not for each, how for any? God commands us to be charitable and merciful; but so does He also command us to say our prayers, and to abstain from coveting other men's goods. But how can the state take cognisance of the performance or the breach of these commands? Neither individuals nor the government can exact a mere bounty as a right; a mere bounty is that which each individual has perfect right to give or to withhold; and the duty of the state is to protect these individual rights; the principal object of its institution was to defend and maintain them. You do any one an injury when you try to compel him to do you a kindness; and the government is bound to punish you for violating his right. If the government sides with the aggressor, it only puts itself at the head of the unjust and violent party, in forcing a man to do that which he has full right to do or not to do as he chooses. The obligations of charity are altogether distinct from those of justice; nor can all society together exact from one individual on the title of justice that which he is only obliged to give them by the dictates of charity.

Government, then, can impose an obligation of mutual abstinence from wrong, but cannot bind its subjects to confer mutual kindnesses without disturbing the order, and violating the intention of society. For how could such a law be sanctioned, or its limits defined? How much kindness should it force each man to do his neighbour, and how could it find out whether these duties were fulfilled? With what penalties could such a law be sanctioned? Could it force a man to provide for others before he had made ample provision for himself? or could it define the exact time, labour, diligence,

and substance which each may expend on himself before he turns his attention to his neighbour? No; the duty of beneficence is vague, till determined by the individual conscience for each separate case; it reveals itself only to the heart, and submits only to the interior tribunal of the reason.

The final end of society is not the progress of the race, not the sacrifice of all persons now alive to the material interests of posterity, but the material and mental interest and satisfaction of each person who is a constituent part of the association. When, therefore, the statesman wishes to compute the amount of public happiness, he ought not to pass over a single item of individual enjoyment, the sum of which makes up the amount of happiness among the persons whom he governs. And in making this calculation is he only to look to merchants and bankers, farmers and labourers, manufacturers and mechanics, peers, gentry, and men of pleasure, and keep no column for these men, who live for themselves certainly, but whose study is not to increase the store of material riches, but the store of moral goodness in their own hearts? They are contented and happy; is it no gain to the government to have such subjects? Is not the sum of public happiness increased by this amount? Perhaps the statisticians do not consider themselves bound to take this kind of happiness into consideration because it grows in secret, it is not noisy and obtrusive, and is easily overlooked. But is secret happiness impossible? When will men cease going about with their dark lantern in search of happiness through the parliament and the theatre, on change, over barracks and battle-fields, rather than seek it where only it is to be found,—in the secret recesses of the heart? What is the public but a collection of individuals? And if each individual was conscious of perfect happiness in his own heart, though no one knew any thing of his neighbour's state of mind, would not the result be a body of happy men? In that case, the individual happiness would not be multiplied by reflection and sympathy; but still the amount of public happiness would be increased; there would be fresh centres from which the radiance of felicity emanated, however confined the radius to which it extended. It is absurd to take no account of happiness and contentment in itself, except so far as it can be seen and admired by others.

To object to persons leading the conventual life, that they have no influence on the public happiness, is, in the first place, impertinent, because you have no right to demand that they should contribute any thing to that stock: in the second place it is false, for they not only influence the total

of public enjoyment, but they contribute the items which compose it. It is more to be a constituent part of a thing than simply to exert an influence over it. But the religious were too happy for the world to bear with; society did not thank these men for proving that all misery might be driven from the world by each person taking as great pains to make himself happy as they did. They made an inconvenient revelation to society. They showed that the end which society relinquished as unattainable could really be reached; they revealed both the end and the way. And society pulled its hat over its eyes, and declared it to be the height of impertinence that a parcel of ignorant monks should presume to prove that to be attainable which it had decreed to be unattainable, and forthwith renewed the old law of the Ephesians, "*Nemo de nobis unus excellat: sin quis extiterit, alio in loco et apud alios sit.*"* "Let no one man of us be better than the rest; if any becomes so, let him go elsewhere, and live among other people."

We do not wish to be insulting; but we are afraid that envy, jealousy, and cupidity are the motive causes that induce you to be so hostile to religious orders. Else how is it that, while professing the utmost solicitude for public happiness, you regard with stern eyes those who really labour at their own moral improvement and the salvation of their own souls; while you patronise and caress the persons who profess no moral aims, and are often too corrupted and too distracted by passion to be capable of any real enjoyment? Even respectable men seem determined to prove the truth of La Rochefoucault's maxim, that it is safer to be a rascal than to be a saint. We once knew a head of a house at Oxford who patronised all the fast men of his college, and only pried suspiciously into the conduct of the steady students, who thought it a better preparation for a clerical life to attend morning prayers, than to spend the night in emptying champagne-bottles, and throwing them through quiet men's windows. So it is with society. It would be thought the most grievous injustice to interfere with the licentiousness of the rake, so long as he kept within the law; but let the rake reform and turn Trappist, and then he will find that the world has changed too, and has learnt to pry into his failings with the eyes of an Epidaurian serpent. It is true the government never thinks of requiring the idle and dissolute classes to show charity, and make themselves useful to society; much less does it make their vice a pretext for confiscating the property which they abuse; provided they do not violate the law, they

* Cicero, Tusc. Disp. v. 36.

are left in peace. It would be tyranny to try to put a stop to their vices; to pry within the threshold of their house would be a violation of the domestic sanctuary. And we do not complain of this; only let the government apply the same measure to our monks and nuns. Why is its power to be unlimited only against them? Why are they alone to be excluded from the rights of the rest? Why are they to be subject, not to law, but to caprice? Why can these only be driven from their homes, robbed of their property, deprived of the right that all men have by nature of associating themselves for their own good, for the purpose of rendering themselves happy? Why, too, add insult to injury, and tell these monks and nuns, whose "vested rights" you thus violate, that they are a pack of lazy drones, and useless to society? Unless you mean that you are society, as Louis XIV. was the state, and that those whom you wish to rob are excluded from society, thrust out of the pale of humanity, and numbered with the dead, simply because they hold property which would be very useful to you.

But you will say that the religious orders are part of the clergy, and the clergy are only public functionaries, and as such under the rule of the state. In the first place, the religious orders are not clergy, except accidentally. The functions which they have undertaken—whether clerical, educational, or simply benevolent—are so many accidental additions to the original idea of the religious life, the one object of which is the attainment of the person's own perfection; is simply an affair of the private conscience, more inviolable than the privacy of the domestic hearth.

Next, though they were necessarily clerics,—which monks are not always, and nuns never,—they would not therefore come under your supervision; you do not inspect them and abolish them as clerics, but as religious orders; you do not pretend to prevent John Smith or Adam Noakes from becoming a clergyman, if he wishes to do so; but you question his right to live in community, to seek in association a state of private life which he judges most conducive to virtue and the good of his soul.

Thirdly, even if they were clergy, they would not necessarily be public functionaries in such a sense as to be functionaries of the government, and liable to its regulation. They are public functionaries because they perform functions in behalf of the public; they are not public functionaries, if you understand by that title that they are elected and called by the public, and that from the public they receive the charge and commission to exercise their functions. They are

sent to minister to the public, not by the government, not by the state, not by any civil authority, but by the supreme spiritual authority, and ultimately by God Himself. Even if the state proscribed them, and interdicted their ministry, as they have received their commission from a higher than Cæsar, they would have to proceed on their course, in spite of his edicts, as till lately has been the case in this kingdom. They are functionaries, but not of the state. The state may and ought to recognise their utility, and might provide for their support, as it grants pensions to public benefactors in the civil order; but still in the presence of the state they are not officers of its own, but simple citizens, with the full rights of simple citizens to do that which they consider best for their souls.

But, you will say, the government for its own security must have the right of taking cognisance of all associations, whether for civil or religious purposes. They cannot have a legal existence without the recognition of the government; and the legality of their existence ceases *ipso facto* with the withdrawal of the license of the state.

As if man had no rights till the state had recognised them! As if there were not natural rights of the individual, of the family, of the association, prior to those of the government! That which the law does not sanction is not therefore illegal. A man needs the support of no human law to give him the right to eat and drink, to marry and bring up his children, to associate himself with other men for acts of worship to God, or for mutual improvement. The pretence that nothing can exist in human society but what is legalised, is a principle which sets the pettifogging of the lawyer above the wisdom of God, and which establishes the most universal and the most absolute despotism: it elevates a busy barrister or a prying policeman into a providence, and brings mankind under a yoke that can only be borne by the dullest drudges and most supple slaves.

But, you will say, whatever the religious orders are in the abstract, yet as the occupiers of their establishments, as possessors and stewards of funds left for certain objects, they are to all intents and purposes public functionaries, bound to carry out the intentions of the persons who gave them their property. Moreover, if we are to look at them as private citizens, how can you expect that we should change our whole law of the succession of property in their favour? A man cannot tie up an estate for ever in his own family; why should he be allowed to do so for a religious association?

To the first part of this objection we observe, that in

order to carry out the intentions of the original donors of conventual property, you first divide the orders into two classes—the active and the contemplative; the latter you assume to be utterly useless to the public, and you conclude that no sane person could ever have intended to have given his property for the maintenance of so absurd a system. This property, derived perhaps from persons of fortune, who joined the order, increased by the manual or intellectual labour of the religious, given at all events by persons who were intimately acquainted with the life of those to whom they made their benefactions, has, you assume, been put to uses never contemplated by the original donors, and ought therefore to be confiscated to the use of the state. The property of the active orders you place under the supervision of the state, partly for its own use, partly to carry out some remnant of its original destination.

But are you so sure of the infallible truth of your assumption that no one could have intended to endow contemplative orders? that the only utility which the donors of property contemplated was that, not of the religious themselves, but of the sick, or poor, or ignorant, whom they undertook to tend? For, after all, the intention of the donors should be inferred from the then existing spirit of the associations to which they left their goods. Some of these existed only for contemplation, others superadded the exercise of charity. These aims were perfectly known to the benefactors; when they left their property to contemplative bodies, their intention evidently was to maintain them in this contemplative life; and you, to carry out this intention, abolish them! Persons who endowed active orders evidently intended them to exercise charity freely, as all true charity must be exercised; and you, to carry out these intentions, make these men mere relieving officers, simple mercenaries in the pay of the state, in whose name you sometimes confiscate their goods, in order the better to enable them to fulfil their office! You who are placed by God and by society at the head of the state, for the express purpose of defending the right, and maintaining the laws, and the legal status of individuals!

But, after all, your true motive, which some of you have been open enough to own, has been your desire of helping yourselves to other men's property. Their land and houses was the "*damnosa hereditas*" which undid them. To appropriate this you have invented all your legal quibbles about mortmain, and the dead hands of living religious. You made the law sing its *De profundis* over the monk, and then you thought it no robbery to steal his property. We do not

deny the right of the state to frame its own laws to regulate the manner of transmitting property; it may of course, if it pleases, abolish all the present law of trusts and successions; but it has no right to apply one measure to one class of citizens, and another to another class; it has no right to neglect the vested rights of the interested parties. It is one thing to prevent Smith or Jones from leaving his property to convents, another to let him make his will and die, and then confiscate his property to yourself, with as little regard for the civil heirs as for the religious legatees. And, moreover, it is one thing to confiscate the property of a religious order, and another to destroy the order, by taking care that it shall have no means of acquiring fresh property, or of otherwise supporting its existence. The highway-robber takes the traveller's money, perhaps strips him of his clothes, but usually spares his life. So let your guilt stop at confiscation; do not add to your crimes that of interfering with our natural right of forming associations for the practice of virtue, and for the good of our own souls.

It would require a separate article to show, as we intended, that the natural course of things punishes this iniquity with a slow but inevitable retribution:—to trace how the English Reformation was punished by the Revolution, the North German by the excesses of the peasants, and by the Thirty Years' War: to show how Joseph's liberalism—the liberality of the man in the proverb, who stole the hog, and gave the feet for alms—ended in the destruction of his own feudal order, which he sought to enrich: to record how the dying emperor, pining with the diseases that he had contracted by his profligacy, and embittered in his last moments by the rebellion of Belgium, honestly confessed, that the revolutionary movements in Europe were in a great measure owing to that philosophy of philanthropism. (as misomachism was then and now facetiously nicknamed) of which he himself was a disciple: to show how in France and Spain the fundamental ideas of property have been overturned; and how the very classes which enriched themselves half-a-century ago with the spoils of the Church, are now in their despair ready to submit to any dictator who will ensure them at any price the tenure of their holdings. It was said at the commencement of the French Revolution, "In robbing the Church, you throw the first stone at the rights of property: this attack will not stop of itself; in half-a-century it will be a general assault." And though Thiers made himself merry over this oracle, and over the "queer reasonings and forced deductions by which the imperturbable spouter tried to alarm the landed

classes with the dread of an invasion," yet the scoffing statesman lived to see events which forced him to recant, and to write a book in defence of property, in the very commencement of which he declares, that now we must—unless we wish society to perish—prove those rights which the conscience of mankind has ever hitherto admitted without proof. "Gentlemen," said Chateaubriand before the Chamber of Peers, in 1817, when a measure was proposed for selling the forests of the Church,—“gentlemen, I venture to prophesy to you, that if, under a government which represents the principles of order, you do not put a stop to the sale of these goods, not one of you will be able to reckon on his children peaceably succeeding to his estate. I know that in this century men are very little moved by reasons drawn from things beyond the term of our lives; our daily difficulties have taught us to live from hand to mouth. We sell the forests of the Church; we see the immediate consequence in the replenishing of the coffers of the state; as for the distant consequence, as it will not touch us, we care nothing about it. Gentlemen, let us not have such confidence in the grave. Time flies rapidly in this country; in France the future is always close; it often comes sooner than death.” Two revolutions—the last more social than political, and the terror of the wealthy classes at the progress of socialism—have justified the wisdom of the orator.

Man is a reasonable being. If your great-grandfather gave an annuity to a convent, and your grandfather lent a sum of money to the state, he will be with difficulty persuaded that it is a greater crime to rob you of the interest of the loan than to rob the present inmates of the convent of their annuity. Your grandfather's intentions can be scarcely made out to be more sacred and inviolable than those of his father. Mankind does not see why the Spanish Government is more bound to pay the British bondholder than the monk or the nun or the priest, whose property it was cheered on by its British creditor to confiscate. We do not pretend to the gift of prophecy, nor to the interpretation thereof; but we should neither be surprised nor sorry if those spendthrift politicians of Sardinia who have been obliged to eke out their unhalloved and slippery pelf, which they have “conveyed” from the Church to the uses of the state, with money borrowed from capitalists of this country, were to treat their English creditors with the same measure which they have used with the clergy.

Our people have approved of this robbery; the *Journal des Debats* has defended it. Henceforward the latter should never complain of the confiscation of the property of the Or-

leans family, nor the former of the non-payment of their bonds. If you *will* enforce the constitutional heresy which submits the Church and her property to the civil magistrate, you must not be surprised if men carry out the principle, and submit all other property to the party which happens at the time to be strongest in the state.*

THE SCANDAL OF GOODNESS.

PROTESTANTISM is a fact, not a theology. It is to be mastered by the Baconian induction, and not by any Aristotelian or scholastic logic. We cannot comprehend it by first ascertaining its fundamental axioms and granting its postulates, and then arguing to its conclusions, as if they followed consistently on its premises. It is bootless to say to a Protestant, If you believe this, you must believe that. He replies, That he does not see the necessary connexion of the two opinions. We get nothing by telling him he *must* think or act in a certain manner. His answer is short, and to the point; he declares that he *does not* think or act as we protest that he must. And the more we argue and reason and deduce, the more he is convinced that we are unfair and uncharitable and bigoted; the more confidently he hugs himself in the conviction, that we Papists are as malicious as we are stupid, to be blind to the merits and claims of persons like himself.

No one, in truth, can have any thing to do with Protestants, especially English Protestants, without admitting that they are no more to be understood by any means but personal study, than the magnitude of antediluvian saurians is to be estimated by the antics of the pretty little green lizards that haunt the old walls of Italy. It is not, perhaps, pleasant to our own logical self-complacency to allow that such is the case; but we fear that our polemical vanity must put up with the slight. To a Catholic controversialist, rejoicing in the scientific completeness of Catholic dogmatics, and the careful casuistry of Catholic morals, and issuing forth to the fight armed to the teeth with logic, Scripture, and history, it is not a little mortifying to find himself at fault the moment the battle has fairly begun, and he finds himself face to face with an antagonist talking a new language, disputing nine-tenths of his facts, and smiling complacently when he ought to be prostrate with a mortal wound.

* Much of the argument of the above article has been taken from a masterly chapter in the admirable *Filosofia della Politica* of the late Abbate Rosmini.

And this sort of surprise and vexation is felt alike both by "old Catholic" theologians and by fresh converts. It is felt by nearly all who are new to the work of actual or private controversy with individuals, whether they have spent the best hours of their life in a conventual cloister or an Oxford-college library. We are all of us apt to overrate the love for a logical consistency of the average run of mankind. The digestion of the ostrich is a fair type of the intellectual capacities of the majority of the world, so far as reasoning goes. Doctors talk much about what they call the "assimilating" powers of the human frame and stomach when healthy and vigorous. What a man can eat and drink at one good dinner, considering not only the variety of dishes put upon the table, but the multiplicity of ingredients of which those dishes have been compounded by the cook, is perfectly astonishing. But an ordinary man's brain leaves his stomach far behind in the defiance of dyspepsia. A thorough, stout, bold English Protestant will imbibe and digest contradictory opinions, inconsistent facts, metaphysical and dogmatical impossibilities, without a pang or a twinge. If any thing, he thinks it rather beneath him than otherwise to be a slave to exact syllogisms. That may do, he fancies, for Frenchmen who go wild on scientific form, just as profound thought may suit a dreaming mystical German. But for himself, he adds, he is a practical man; he values things, facts, realities; he wants to see, touch, taste every thing; he judges things by their practical results; and if syllogisms and logic and systems, and all that, are against him, he can't help it; he is content with common sense, and so ends the matter.

Even in the school which aims most definitely at a sort of dogmatic completeness of opinion, these anomalies are abundantly rife. Considering how high are the pretensions of Puseyism, and how learnedly and ably it labours to establish itself on a scriptural and historical basis, it is often surprising to see how impervious its disciples appear to all demonstrations of their inconsistencies. With so much undeniable sincerity and self-sacrifice as they make, one is puzzled to account for an extent of intellectual obtuseness, or of apparent moral perversity, hardly reconcilable either with their acquirements or their personal character. When a man has once grasped the doctrine, that our blessed Lord established one visible Church, it is startling to observe him maintaining that *one* church means two churches, or half-a-dozen churches, all independent of and in practical antagonism to each other. When a man of average capacity has mastered the fundamental idea of a governing authority, it is hard to believe

that he literally cannot see that the idea of jurisdiction is necessarily implied therein. What, we ask, can be that person's conceptions of the duty of faith in a distinct revelation of doctrine, when he maintains that no practical means is left existing upon earth for ascertaining what is, and what is not, a portion of that revelation?

A ready solution of the problem is sometimes offered by those who have not studied the actual religious phenomena of the day, which is, however, no solution at all. The well-known and undoubted maxim is repeated, that conviction is a very different thing from conversion; and it is assumed, that it supplies a perfect explanation of the strange anomalies presented by the followers of Dr. Pusey. They must be convinced,—so runs the rationale of their case,—they are not converted; therefore the deduction is clear, they are held back by selfish and worldly motives; and their conduct is only a fresh illustration of the ridiculous affectations and shameless pretensions of all who are not Catholics. No good can come of such men; pride, pride alone, holds them where they are; they will not follow up their convictions. Argument and rhetoric is wasted upon them; the *only* thing to be done is, to pray for them, to beg of God the grace of their conversion, along with that of the common herd of the ungodly world.

Such would be a natural deduction from the singularities of the Puseyite phase of religious opinion, were we to decide on their merits solely from formal scholastic treatises on controversial or dogmatic theology. It is clear, however, that such would be a view of their case as erroneous as it is superficial. Many a man, we cannot help seeing, is not convinced in reality, when *we* see as clearly as the day that he *must* be. We mistake the distinctness of our own perceptions for the distinctness of his. The course of argument, which is as plain and irrefragable in our eyes as a geometrical demonstration in Euclid's *Elements*, is to his mind a mazy, cloudy, half-invisible series of statements, half deduction, half mere baseless assertion. The proceedings in a recent and still-continued controversy about the moon are an exact type of the Catholico-Puseyite controversy. We beg our Puseyite friends' pardon for comparing them in any way to such a personage as Mr. Jelinger Symons; but we cannot help noting the differences between mathematicians and the disciples of that singular gentleman, as an exact parallel to the different modes in which certain lines of argument strike Catholics and the High-Church school of Anglicans. It is really difficult to conceive by what species of mental distur-

tion a man of sense and common powers of perception can fail to comprehend the simple proofs which establish the impossibility of Mr. Symons's theory. We expect next to hear people maintain that a zigzag is a shorter way from one point to another than a straight line. And just such is the difference between the clearness of our perceptions of certain theological arguments, as compared with the distorted images which they present to the understandings of those who are not Catholics; objects which stand out to our eyes clear in outline and brilliant in colour are to them like the floating visions of the mirage. They see there is something in them; but what it is, and what it means,—whether it is intended as a guide or a warning,—with all the straining of their anxious eyes they fail to determine. Separate and distinct propositions in morals or dogmatics they can comprehend and admit; but the connecting links between premises and conclusion are often to them so fine as to escape their detection; or so apparently subtle and wire-drawn, as to create distrust and suspicion when they ought only to engender confidence.

Still further, they are in practice weighed by positive reasons, which, on the contrary, to us appear simply fictitious, or even nonsensical. Either they assert and believe in the existence of facts on which we are profoundly sceptical, or they attribute to them an argumentative weight, when in our judgment they have nothing on earth to do with the matter in hand; nay perhaps, they even tell against their conclusions, and not for them. Of this special kind of difficulty, which prevents the Puseyite school from carrying out their principles to a consistent completeness, we believe by far the most generally influential is that which we have indicated by the heading of this present article. Of all the stumbling-blocks which prevent good and sincere Anglicans from seeing their way into the Catholic Church, we suspect there is none like their conviction of the personal qualifications and piety of their friends and acquaintances, and of the recognised leaders of their own school or party. Many of the phrases introduced from time to time, and passed from mouth to mouth, as "reasons" for adhering to the Church of England, exercise little real influence. They are more or less cant, if not in the beginning, yet after a very little wear and tear. They are convenient polemical cries; sham answers to positive difficulties; forms of speech for silencing people who will persist in making themselves troublesome. Such unmeaning cries as we have heard for the last ten years about the "church of our baptism," duty to "our mother,

the Church of England," and such like party technicalities, have small power on a man's conscience when really pricked or agitated. They offer no refuge for the troubled soul, longing for satisfaction and peace, but harassed by the conflicting statements of opposing writers. The conscience wants something that may seem to come directly from Almighty God; some beacon-light, which, however feeble and distant, may appear to burn with that steady brilliancy which proves that it was lighted at a heavenly flame. Those who from their infancy have reposed in the certainty of an undoubting faith in a self-consistent creed have little idea of what the conscientious soul *suffers* when driven hither and thither by the storms of modern theological controversy. Even to those who have escaped from the atmosphere of tempest into a higher region, where the sun shines in all his brightness, but where the winds are lulled, and into which the clouds never rise,—even to those it is sometimes difficult to sympathise fully with the agitations produced by the controversies of parties, all of them apparently in earnest. So hard is it to throw oneself into a state of mind unlike one's present mood, even though at no distant period our own condition was identically the same.

There can, however, be no question that the pains of religious doubt are felt in their acutest keenness by a large number of our fellow-countrymen at this present period. And we may rest assured that, whatever be the multiplicity and foolishness of the various excuses which may be put forward by sensible persons in justification of conduct apparently inconsistent with their principles, their decisions are actually determined by grounds which they regard as possessing *some* tokens of Divine origin. An honest heart finds it almost impossible to persuade itself that a God of mercy and justice has left it without some practical guidance which may be recognised as proceeding from Him. When it finds such a guidance, or, what is the same thing, believes that it has found it, all reasonings which do not include this supposed guidance, which do not render it ample justice, which do not account for it and explain it, fall unheeded on the ear. The listener intentionally sets them aside as deceptive. He treats them as the words of man, of man's subtlety and man's learning, and prefers to follow what he regards as the finger of God pointing out to him his own personal line of duty.

Now this guidance, in the present condition of the religious portion of English society, is usually supposed to be found in the personal piety and devotedness of individual Protes-

tants. Torn, distracted, bewildered, by contradictory assertions, and by reasonings which, though all seemingly unanswerable, lead to directly opposite conclusions, the ordinary thinker falls back on the domain of simple morality. Here, he thinks, if any where, he will be able to discern the marks of the work of the Spirit of God. Here, at any rate, is a foundation on which all are agreed. Catholic and Protestant, High Church and Low Church, every one holds to a certain extent the same opinions as to what constitutes the essence of a Christian's life. Love to God and love to man; self-sacrifice, labour for the poor, generosity with one's money, steady perseverance in private and public devotion, determined control of the lower appetites, honesty, truth-telling, the humble study of the Holy Scriptures,—who doubts that these things are the marks of the Christian; and, moreover, who supposes that they can be attained without the help of Divine grace?

Looking round on personal friends, and on such public personages as are in high repute for virtue, the observer discerns, or considers that he discerns, all these graces flourishing undeniably, and sometimes in striking beauty, in very many people who are perfectly satisfied with their religious creed; or—to use a modern term, rapidly degenerating into a cant phrase—their religious “position.” Are not these men and women living the lives of good Christians? he asks himself. And if they are, how can they be what they are, except by the grace of God? And if they thus enjoy His strengthening and illuminating grace, how can they be otherwise than in His favour? How, then, can they be wrong? And if they cannot be wrong, how can I be wrong when I follow in their footsteps, and am content with their views? The course of argument seems faultless; not a step in its deductions can be denied. Its conclusions can only be negatived by denying the reality of the moral goodness of the persons in question; a thing simply ridiculous, and not to be thought of by those who know them intimately, and have seen their virtues tried by the most searching of tests. If you Catholics, continues the observer, insist upon denying this sincerity, and imputing to base motives conduct so evidently springing from love to God and love to man, you only confirm me in my previous ill opinion of you and your creed. I see that you are influenced and blinded by party-spirit; I can place no confidence in your statements and interpretations. How can I trust what you say about the sanctity in your own communion, when I remark your inability to understand sanctity where I myself know that it exists? How can you expect me to believe that all *your* religion is not formalism, when

you so cruelly and obstinately maintain that the holy lives of the adherents of *my* religion are no better than pharisaism and self-deception?

What, then, do we reply to reasoning such as this? Do we deny the virtues of the individuals in question, on whose reality the whole argument rests? Not for a moment. But we dissent from the conclusion, notwithstanding the correctness of the syllogisms which lead to it, on the ground that they do not include the whole truth of the case.

First of all, the conclusion cannot be sound, because it proves too much. If it proves any thing in the way of practical guidance in the choice of a religion, it proves that Christianity is a fable. It no more establishes the abstract lawfulness of a man's remaining a Protestant than the moral goodness of some of the old Jews proved that it was not their duty to become Christians. The entire question is this: Has Almighty God made a distinct revelation of His will, called Christianity, or has He not done so? If He has done this, can it possibly be imagined that it is a thing left for the private choice of individuals, whether they will submit to that revelation unreservedly under any conceivable pretence or any conceivable hypothesis whatever? And is it possible that it is immaterial whether we comprehend and believe the exact nature of that revelation in the precise sense in which it was given by God? Has Christianity a meaning, or has it not? Is a revelation of truth to the soul the same thing as so many pages of printed or written matter called a book? Can a man be said to accept the Christian revelation who is indifferent as to the nature of the things revealed; or who considers that, because it is difficult to ascertain what they are, or because his friends and neighbours are pious people, it is lawful for him to sit down contentedly ignorant?

Again, the Christian religion, we are all agreed, is the only true religion. Nevertheless, of all the false religions existing among men, there is hardly one which is absolutely in all things false. There are moral and doctrinal truths contained in almost every philosophy or superstition which ever attracted human allegiance. Brahminism abounds with shadows of the Incarnation and Atonement; Mahometanism is a sort of orientalised Judaism; the paganism of Greece and Rome retained vestiges of patriarchal traditions, and elementary ideas of worship and morals, in the midst of all its baseness. Yet can it be maintained, that it is a matter left for a man's private choice, whether he will be a Christian, or a pagan, or a Mahometan, or a worshipper of Brahma, or even a Jew? The idea is purely extravagant; its condemnation is contained in

the proposition, that the Gospel is a revelation from God, and that it is professedly sent to every human being.

As, then, the fragments—nay, if we will, the large portions—of truth which are found imbedded in the huge masses of error in pagan and unchristian creeds are no proof that it is not the bounden duty of *every* man who has the means of studying the question to embrace Christianity; so no existence of moral virtues, or overflowings of Divine grace, in the hearts and lives of those who are not Catholics, is a proof that it is not the bounden duty of *every* man who has the means of studying the question to embrace Catholicism. There is, indeed, a school of Protestants,—if men to whom thinking is a thing almost unknown can be called a “school,”—who systematically describe all pagan and nonchristian religions as simply and homogeneously diabolical; imagining that they thus add to the unapproachable lustre of Christianity, and increase men’s sense of the obligation under which they lie to accept it and it alone. Every real theologian, however, as well as historian, is aware that this Calvinistic style of settling the subject is below criticism. As a matter of fact, false religions abound with the relics of patriarchal truths; and it is every way probable that these minglings of truth with error were providentially designed definitely to *lead* to the acceptance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As, however, we do not pay our Anglican friends the ill compliment of supposing them to be influenced by these foolish theories, we say no more on this point; merely calling their attention to its bearings on our general argument.

Whatever, then, be the amount of moral and spiritual worth among individual Protestants, we absolutely deny that it is any proof that it is lawful for any person to remain a Protestant when he has once been made acquainted with the logical untenableness of the Protestant, that is, the anti-Roman, theory in any one of its modifications. As we have said, we do not for one instant deny the claims of many Protestants to our love, our respect, our honour; nay, we will go even the length of saying, that they may sometimes be well worthy of imitation by inconsistent or lukewarm Catholics. No doubt we might very decidedly demur to the exalted praise which is bestowed upon this or that person. Moreover we cannot forget that on two or three points Protestantism, including High-Church Anglicanism, is ill informed on the extent of the demands of Christian morals and the spiritual life. But granting, for argument’s sake, nearly every thing; granting it too most cordially, we maintain that, so far from the possession of these graces being meant to prove

Protestantism lawful, they are meant to serve the special purpose of proving Catholicism only to be true. Instead of lulling the inquiring soul into slumbers in the Church of England, they are designed to be its guiding-star to the feet of the Successor of Peter. If a man bestows a gift on a stranger or a wanderer outside his own house, is that a proof that he has no better gifts for the children of his own flesh and blood, who cluster round his own hearth and sit at his table with him?

There is a singular expression current among many Anglicans, which puts into shape the error against which we are arguing. They ask, How can I become a Roman Catholic, and so *deny my past life*? meaning that they must thus cast a slur upon the Divine goodness which they are confident is now watching over and blessing them. The phrase, and the idea it embodies, are based on a total misconception of the facts of the case. A man in becoming a Catholic never denies his past life in any such sense as is implied by the expression we speak of. He gives up his old opinion, that the Anglican Establishment is a branch of the true Church of Christ; but he never admits that he personally committed a sin in remaining in her boundaries, unless he is conscious that he did so against his convictions. He may be as much amazed as he pleases at his own past simplicity in accepting such prodigious claims as Anglicanism puts forward with scarcely a pretence at proof of their validity; but in all this he never doubts that the hand of Almighty God was with him, or that the Divine voice reached his ears, or Divine grace affected his mind and controlled his life, or that he received and delighted in a large amount of the true doctrines of the Gospel, that is, of the one Church. What he has to do when he makes his general confession is, to confess his own sins against the lights he possessed, not to assert that he had no lights and no grace, or that he was living always in mortal sin, and knew it too. His profession of faith, again, what is it? It is an act of submission to the Roman Pontiff as the head of the whole Church, and an acceptance of all the doctrines taught by that Church. But it is no expression of opinion as to the degrees of truth and error mixed up in the various religions, nominally Christian and otherwise, all through the world; nor yet as to the measure of grace which may be bestowed on those who are not yet Catholics, or who have never had the means of knowing the exclusive claims of Rome to their obedience.

With respect to the positive feelings of individual persons who do become Catholics, undoubtedly the case varies extremely, in some respects at least. The antecedents of

converts are so very dissimilar, that it is but natural that one man should look back on his past history with feelings perhaps the very reverse of those which are cherished by another. In some there is to be found a sort of indignation against Protestantism or Anglicanism, as against a sort of incarnation of the spirit of deception, which colours the retrospect of the past with a hue peculiarly its own. Others, again, possess that happy faculty of ever dwelling on the better elements which are rarely to be found altogether wanting in any of the varieties of human life. With such the memories of the past are little else but sweet; and if they have regrets, it is chiefly because where so much was pleasant and satisfying, the one crowning charm of a clear knowledge of the faith, and a full possession of sacramental graces, was still wanting. These varying moods of feeling and habits of thought are, however, but the results of variations in temperament and experience. They have nothing to do with a man's profession of the Catholic faith, nor with any dogma or principle of Catholicism.

For our own opinion, we think it a better and more profitable habit, so far as a man's personal condition is concerned, to dwell in memory on what was good in the past, rather than on what was fictitious or pernicious. As a matter of study or controversy or amusement, it is often as useful as it is entertaining to look back on the strange phantasmagoria which the mind passes through ere it reaches the land where there is neither *ignis fatuus* nor mirage, where a man not only sees real objects in their actual shapes, but sees real objects only. And considering the "excellent sport" which one school of Anglicanism continually finds in another, it would be hard to deny *us* a share in the fun, or to claim for Protestantism a monopoly of all the good stories against itself. But all this is perfectly consistent with a healthy, cheerful, grateful, and humble habit of conning over the innumerable indications which memory can supply to so many minds of the constant presence of that Hand whose beckoning was at last discerned pointing the way to a "better country." Such a practice we believe to be singularly conducive, not only to an increase in charitable and considerate feelings towards those who are not Catholics, but to a keener sense of the magnitude and the excellence of the blessings to be found only in communion with the See of Peter. Ingratitude towards the past is not a thing to produce gratitude towards the present. On the contrary, those who are most successful in tracing the goodness of God to them from their earliest years are the most profoundly sensible of its unspeakable greatness and its untiring patience in their maturity and in their age.

THE MARTYRS OF CHICHESTER.

AMONG the martyrs whom Bishop Challoner enumerates in his *Missionary Priests*, there are several of whom he knows nothing more than their birthplace, the seminary where they were educated, and the date of their deaths. Of these he remarks in his preface :

“ We cannot but lament our being left so much in the dark with regard to several ; but shall not pretend to determine whether this has happened by the iniquity of the times, or the negligence of our forefathers, in not committing to writing the particulars of those gentlemen’s lives and deaths ; or perhaps the memoirs then written have since been lost, as we know some have, at least so far as not to have come as yet to our hands. Where we think it proper to advertise our reader, that if he knows of any such memoirs, and will be so good as to furnish us with them, or with any other materials relating to the sufferings of Catholics, we shall thankfully acknowledge the favour, and insert them by way of a supplement to our second volume.”

Doubtless the iniquity of the times has destroyed much ; the carelessness and the apostasies of later ages, and the dangers of the earlier days ; the vexatious searches and perusals of papers by pursuivants and magistrates ; the carrying off of all “ seditious ” books, letters, and manuscripts to the Lords of the Council ; and the wanton destruction by them of much that was felt to be damaging ; the carelessness with which these records have been thrown about after they thus came into the possession of Government,—all these causes have contributed to make these papers as rare and as valuable as the leaves of the Sibyl.

As to the “ negligence of our forefathers,” we do not think that the imputation is just ; when, in the quaint language of a Catholic of those days, they knew “ how avidous men’s affections were to see other men’s letters,” they very naturally took good care not to be in possession of writings “ containing a three-halfpenny matter ;” for if they were not kept or conveyed “ as privy as the cranes over Mount Taurus, they were taken to one of the council like a treasure (yea, though they were not worth a blue-point), as young Hancock’s letters were, when he wrote to his father that the pound of cherries was sold for two liards in Paris.” Doubtless the grave councillors were often disappointed in this manner ; but sometimes they found matter much more serious. Any writings in which Campion, or any other of the

murdered priests, were said to have been martyrs, put to death for religion, and not for treason, seriously compromised both those who had written and those who read them. Any thing like a memoir, such as that which Dr. Challoner desires, was considered a seditious book, and subjected its owner to grievous fine and imprisonment. It was not negligence, then, but a just instinct of self-preservation, which prevented such books being published. The relics of the martyrs were honoured, and eagerly sought after by Catholics. In later times books were published relating the miracles wrought by them; and doubtless their lives were long remembered, while it was unsafe to commit to writing what was known of them.

Challoner's third supposition, "perhaps the memoirs that were written have since been lost," might have come to be true, if it had not been for this anxiety of the Privy Council to pry into all the secrets of the Catholic families, and to possess themselves of all their papers. Whatever was brought was either placed in the Privy Council chests and lost, or preserved in the Secretary of State's office, whence it has come to the State-Paper Office; or was taken home by one of the lords, and put up among his private papers. In this way many a letter and memoir, or other interesting fragment, may be found among the series of Mss. in our great public libraries; as, for instance, in the papers of Lord Burghley among the Lansdown Mss. in the British Museum, in those of Sir Julius Cæsar in the same place, in those of Puckering among the Harleian Mss., among the fragments of the Cecil papers at Lambeth, and probably wherever any considerable collection of official documents of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. has been preserved.

The access to these and other sources of information introduces us to that which the venerable Challoner so ardently desired, to a mass of materials relating to the sufferings of Catholics which it will take years to copy and arrange; but which, after such arrangement, must be the foundation of any connected history of the change of religion in this country, and of the persecutions of the professors of the old faith almost ever since that event. The contributions from family-archives will then find their proper place and value; and we shall have a perfect series of documents which will once for all demolish the impudent lies and forgeries of the historians who have hitherto instructed the people of England on these matters.

As a specimen of the important information which is furnished by the records in the State-Paper Office and elsewhere, we present our readers this month with a pretty full account

of two martyrs, concerning whom Challoner knew almost nothing, and who are very good types of a whole class of these noble men,—of that considerable number who were never able to do any missionary work in this country, beyond confessing their faith in bonds and imprisonments, and sealing it with their blood. The most critical moment in the life of an English missionary was his landing in England; though he was never safe, yet he was less likely to be taken after he had once got into the interior of the country, and had been able to establish himself in some regularity of life. But in all ports, in all creeks, and usual landing-places, there was a continual watch kept; the crews of all vessels were overhauled before they were allowed to land; the authorities arrested all persons whom they suspected, and subjected them to a searching examination. Many priests were thus captured before they had set their foot on shore. They found that they had only come over either to rot in prison, or to die on the gallows; an event unsatisfactory enough to the statistician, who wishes to enumerate their gains, as it was to the ecclesiastical superior, who had to lament the untimely overthrow of the tree from which he promised himself a goodly harvest of fruit, and the destruction of a valuable instrument which had cost him much time and labour to form; but an event which perhaps encircles the martyr with a greater halo of celestial glory, for the very reason that he is stripped of all earthly success. It is no slight aggravation to die with the thought that all one's preparation has been in vain; that his studies, his learning, his arguments have been useless; that he has done nothing, and is an unprofitable servant. How different to the satisfaction of another, who might have been captured after years of successful labour in his Lord's vineyard, with the proud consciousness of having dealt many a shrewd blow at the religion of his tormentors, and dying almost in the excitement of actual battle! The fame of these latter persons has been great; their lives are known, and their names are yet familiar amongst us. We think of them as our generals in the great struggle of the sixteenth century, who died gloriously on the battle-field in the midst of victory. But the others have been forgotten, like the private soldier, whose nameless death may, after all, have cost him braver struggles than that of his more renowned leader. In our eyes, there is the same difference between the end of these two classes as between the death of the mature man, whose work is done, and that of the boy, whose beautiful promise is yet in the bud. This we pity, that we congratulate; but, in the eyes of faith, the case is altered—*Visitat eum diluculo,*

we may say, *et subito probas eum*. His trial is short, and soon ended; and his uselessness on earth only enhances the value of the sacrifice he offers. The harvest is ripe before his eyes, the banquet is laid in his presence; hungry and thirsty for justice, he would fain begin his work; but at God's call he turns his back on all, and marches bravely to death; while the other has a goodly stock of deeds to show, is one

“—qui se vixisse beatum
Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitæ
Cedat, uti conviva satur,”—

who can feel that he has done his work, that he has lived to some purpose, that he has eaten of the banquet, and is satisfied.

Ralph Crockett, one of the martyrs of whom we intend to give an account, was born at Barton-on-the-Hill, in Cheshire; and brought up in Christ's College, Cambridge, where a Mr. Nicholson was his tutor. Here he continued for three years, and then established himself as a schoolmaster in Tibnam Longrow, in Norfolk, where he remained upwards of a year. From thence he went to Gloucester Hall, in Oxford; where he remained a year to study under Mr. Reade, of St. John's College. After finishing his studies, probably without taking any degree, he went as a schoolmaster to Ipswich, in Suffolk, and remained there about five years. He left that part of the country about the year 1581, when the persecution was great on account of the pretended conspiracy of Campion; and when all Catholics or suspected Romanisers were doubtless hunted out from the scholastic profession, which they were forbidden by law (under great penalties) to exercise. From Ipswich he retired to his native county (Cheshire), and continued there about two years. What he did the next year he does not tell us; but, in 1584, he found means to leave England in a French ship, which put him on shore at La Rochelle; whence he at once proceeded through Paris to Rheims, and introduced himself as a neighbour and countryman to Dr. Allen, and was received by him “without any other means made:” for afterwards, when Burghley and Walsingham had organised their horrible system of spies, and had instructed their agents to feign themselves Catholics in order to gain admission into the seminaries, and report the names of all the students and priests, to forward descriptions of their persons, and information as to when they might be expected in England, and at what port they would land, the superiors of the colleges had to be more careful, and to refuse admission to any one who did not bring very satisfactory testimo-

nials. Ralph Crockett, however, either because Dr. Allen remembered him, or because he bore all the marks and lineaments of honesty on his big body and north-country face, was received into the college at Rheims without any of these precautions, about Midsummer 1584. There is no evidence to show us the *status* of Crockett's family, and whether he had means of his own, or was supported by the charity of Catholics. "The manner at Rheims," says John Hambley (himself a martyr), "is, that when any person comes thither to be instructed, he bring sufficient with him to relieve him; then is he relieved with his own goods; if not, then they are relieved by contribution and benevolence of the Pope and the King of Spain, and divers others of France."

At this time there were about two hundred English men and boys in the college. Dr. Allen was president; Mr. Bayley, vice-president; Dr. Webb instructed the students in cases of conscience; Dr. Barrett, in controversial theology; Dr. Stephens, Dr. Elye, Dr. Gifford, and Dr. Stillington, lectured on St. Thomas; Mr. Parkins read and expounded the New Testament every day after dinner; and Mr. Morris, the Old Testament after supper; Lewkner and Gerrard were over the boys; and two young men, Gifford and Hudson, were professors of logic and philosophy. These details (taken from Hambley's confession) will give some idea of the comprehensive character of the course of studies at Rheims; a course which those who had experience in both always loudly preferred to that of the English Universities as at that time in use.

The students in the foreign seminaries, after Burghley's spy-system had come into full operation, found it necessary to adopt a fictitious name, and to conceal diligently their real name from all their companions, any one of whom might be, for all they knew, a spy; or, if not a spy, might be captured in England, and forced by the rack, or induced by promises, to confess all he knew about his companions. Hence the priests in those days appeared under as many aliases as an old offender at Bow Street does now. Either this practice was not so absolutely necessary in 1586 as it became shortly afterwards, or the bluff John-Bullism of our north-country hero despised such shifts; for "neither before his going into France, nor at his being there, nor since his coming over, was he called by any other name than Ralph Crockett."

About Christmas 1584, Crockett was ordained sub-deacon, deacon in Lent 1585, and in the same Lent was made priest at Rheims, by the Cardinal de Guise. To the question which was put to him, how many were ordained with him, and what were their names, he firmly refused to give any answer

whatever, for fear of being instrumental to their capture and condemnation.

Soon after the beginning of Lent 1586, the fare and the mode of life of a foreign seminary began to take their usual effect on the body of the burly Englishman, and he found his health failing. On this, he begged the vice-president, Mr. Bayley, to allow him to leave France. Permission was given him, and a sum of money (the amount of which, for some reason, he refused to tell) was allowed him for the expenses of his journey. He set out from Rheims with another priest, named Potter (long confined afterwards in Wisbeach), and with him stayed a few days at Paris and Rouen, and then proceeded to Dieppe.

At Dieppe they met with two other priests, James and Bramston, who had left Rheims a little before Crockett, and proceeded singly to Dieppe. As this man Edward James is the other martyr of whom we are to speak, we will here give some account of his former life.

Edward James, or Jeames, was born at Beston, Derbyshire (Dr. Challoner calls it Braiston); and was brought up in the grammar-school at Derby, of which Mr. Garnett was then master. From thence he went for four years to St. John's College, Oxford (at that time a nursery of future converts and martyrs), and studied under Mr. Keble White. He left the university without taking any degree; for though he conformed himself outwardly to the state religion so far as to go to the church, he could not make up his mind to take the oath of supremacy. He left Oxford about the year 1578 or 1579, and came to London; where he fell in with a Catholic named Bradley, who persuaded him to conduct himself more consistently, and no longer to halt between two rival systems. This man's words had such an effect on James, that he determined to become a priest; whereupon Bradley introduced him to Mr. Filbie (probably John Filbie, alias Byforest, a priest who laboured much in Oxfordshire and Berkshire, where he was very active in 1589),* with whom he went down to Dover, and, in October 1579, embarked in an English ship, and landed at Calais. From Calais the two went to Douay, whence the college had been removed the year before, and from thence to Rheims, its then locality. James does not appear to have entered the college here, but to have lived for three-quarters of a year with an English resident named Transome, to whom he had been introduced by Bradley. After this, he was sent to Rome, still by the same friend and benefactor, Mr. Bradley, who gave him sixteen crowns to

* State-Paper Office, Domestic, undated, 1589, no. 640.

defray the expenses of his journey. He does not seem to have spent much of his own money. He landed at Calais with the respectable sum of 6*l.* in his pocket; and, on his arrival in Rome, he handed over about 4*l.* to Father Alphonsus, the superior of the English college there. At Rome he received the minor orders in the early part of 1581, at the hands of Dr. Goldwell, the exiled bishop of St. Asaph; and within two years afterwards was ordained priest by the same prelate, when he took the usual oath "to come into England to help his countrymen in his function and calling of priesthood." This oath, he says, was the one only inducement that made him come into England. He was a man evidently far inferior to Crockett in his physical capacity; a little person; naturally somewhat timorous, and disposed to reflect with some impatience on those who, he thought, had brought him into such a scrape,—namely Bradley, who converted him and sent him to Rome, and the authorities who administered the oath; yet, after all, his noble will overcame the infirmities of his organisation, and he firmly refused to purchase his life by the sacrifice of his faith. But he was not so brave nor so circumspect as Crockett, who would not mention a single name, nor compromise any Catholic by his confession; for he divulged the name of a Mr. Fortescue, living about Holborn, to whom he had been directed as a "comforter of priests." But to return to his life: he was known in Rome by the name of Mason, and remained there two years after his ordination. He left that city in September 1585, in company with Mr. Coverley, now (April 1586) in prison in the Marshalsea, and three others, Basterd, Harte, and Bellamy, none of whom had yet arrived in England. In December, he arrived at Rheims, where he remained till a little before Lent; and then proceeded, in company with one Stephen, an English priest, who concealed his surname, to Dieppe. Here he met with Bramston, Crockett, and Potter, and three other priests, Hudson, Dobson, and Askew, who advised our four missionaries how to get over into England. Hudson happened to know an English shipowner of Newhaven, named Daniell, who was then with his vessel at Dieppe; after much deliberation, this man undertook to put the four priests on shore, each paying to him the sum of five crowns, due as soon as land was in sight. Through stupidity, or treachery, or mischance, the harbour at which he arrived was Arundel, or rather Little Hampton, near Shoreham in Sussex, a place which was especially watched. From these parts the well-known Philip Earl of Arundel had attempted to escape to France; to this place Charles Paget, the exile, who was equally hateful and an ob-

ject of fear to the English government, had come for a week's visit to the countess; and the spies of Burghley and Walsingham had been unable to find out the purport of his coming. Arundel, therefore, had become a suspected place, filled with spies, and with the whole population kept on the alert by the absurd terror of priests and Jesuits with which the government sought to inspire it with its proclamations, and by the rewards promised to those who would assist in the capture of such parties. They were told that "these priests and Jesuits come into the realm by secret creeks and landing-places, disguised both in names and persons; pretending that they have heretofore been taken prisoners, and put into galleys, and delivered"—(they often came into England in the character of returned galley-slaves);—"some come in as gentlemen, with contrary names, in comely apparel, as though they had travelled into foreign countries for knowledge. And generally all, for the most part, as soon as they are crept in, are clothed like gentlemen, and many as gallants, yea, in all colours, and with feathers, and such-like, disguising themselves; and many of them in their behaviour as ruffians, far off to be thought or suspected to be friars, priests, Jesuits, or Popish scholars." With such instructions, we can imagine how suspiciously the Puritan mayors and justices examined all the crews of vessels arriving from abroad, and how difficult it must have been to land in safety.

At the mouth of the harbour Daniell managed to run his ship aground; he then went to his four passengers, and told them to lie quiet, for it would be very difficult for them to escape, as the country was so watched. They therefore remained on board for two days, during which time Daniell went on shore; and on his return told them that the country was watched much more strictly than it had been before, so that it was not possible for them to escape; so he "kept them aboard whiles the justices came and took them," who sent them to London, where they were lodged in the Marshalsea, and examined.

As their conduct scarcely brought them within the law, which made it treason for a priest to *land* in England, whereas they had been taken out of the ship by Mr. Shelley the justice, and brought on shore by force, they were examined as to their intentions in coming over. They all confessed that they meant to land. Bramston said "that he came over to execute the office of a priest;" and "being taken in the boat before he took land, he saith he came with intent to have landed in England." Crockett said that "he came into England for want of health; but yet he meant to use his function, if occa-

sion should serve, after the manner of the Catholic Church of Rome." Potter declared that "he came over to see his country and to live here, intending to live in the calling of a priest;" while James confessed that he came to fulfil his oath. They arrived in the roads of Hampton on Saturday the 16th April 1586, and were taken prisoners on the Tuesday following; on Saturday, the 30th of the same month, they were examined in London. By the lists of prisoners, we find that from this time till September 1588, they were kept in confinement—Bramston, Potter, and Crockett in the Marshalsea, and James in the Clink. They were committed by Walsingham, who, having the satisfaction of being in possession of matter against them sufficient "to touch their lives," kept them in stock, with between forty and fifty more priests, as Polyphemus kept Ulysses and his men, to be brought to the gallows as occasion demanded. From time to time his agents reported to him the characters of the prisoners, and the punishment which they judged suitable to each. Thus Bramston and Crockett are "meet to be banished," or "to be sent to Wisbeach" (which, by the by, proves that they had some means of support; those who had nothing were sent out of the country, or hanged to avoid expense); Potter is reported to be "a shrewd fellow and obstinate," "thought meet for the gallows;" whereas James is a poor fellow "of no account," and therefore "to be banished."

Doubtless, during the time of this long imprisonment, they had some few opportunities of speaking to persons about religion, and of saying Mass in their chambers. The only evidence we have found about it is the confession of one Edward Dixon, a scholar, that he spoke to James in the Clink about an introduction to some person at Rheims; but he asserted that he had no conference with him on religious topics.

In the mean time, the eventful year 1588 arrived. During the spring and summer the English court was in a delirium of terror at the threatened invasion of the Spaniards; but after the Armada had been dispersed by the storms, and by the superior seamanship of our hardy sailors, it began to recover its self-possession. At Tilbury the queen was paraded by Leicester to the army; which, luckily for his reputation, he had not to lead against the enemy, or probably even British courage would have failed to compensate for the conceit and folly of the general. This was in August; and in the mean time the home department was engaged in plans of revenge on all those who might be supposed to have wished success to the Spaniard. Burghley and Walsingham had lists prepared of all the prisoners who were mewed up in their preserves;

and they sat in anxious consultation how they might offer the greatest number to the rope and knife of the executioner. Numerous were the lists sent in to them: these are still extant in various collections, with Burghley's notes appended, giving in few words why each individual is not to be spared, and where he is to be condemned and hanged. As to trial, it was a mere mockery. They were known to be priests, and they were in England,—that was all the law required to make them traitors; but some had been taken out of the ship by force, and brought to land by the officers of justice. No matter, they intended to come, as they confessed, and they must be hanged for their intention! There was a priest named John Oven, or Owen, who was ordained in 1585; he had come over to England, and had been captured and banished about Michaelmas 1587. Some short time after he entered a French coasting vessel to sail between Dieppe and Boulogne, and was driven by storms to the coast of Sussex; terror of the sea, or the prostration of sea-sickness, overcame his fear of the laws; and he landed, and was apprehended. We find this note to his name: "because he was not violently put out of the ship, but might have returned with the rest—excepted from pardon." Another, named Francis Edwardes, had come into England in July 1586; he landed in Sussex, but was apprehended and committed to the Marshalsea by Walsingham; he also was "excepted from pardon."

Next came the question, where these men should be hanged, in order to strike most terror, and to inflict most pain on the minds of the Catholics. No less than thirty-two priests and laymen were brought to the gallows in various places; but this number did not represent the thirst of the government for blood; more would have been hanged, if they had not been frightened into compromising themselves and their religion by the threats of a horrible death. The coast of Sussex was judged to be a disaffected district; and accordingly four priests—Crockett, James, Oven, and Edwardes—were sent to be tried at Chichester. The person who was commissioned to conduct this trial was one Thomas Bowyer, a fussy individual, with a boundless idea of his own importance, who was in no small degree proud of the honour conferred upon him, and of the success with which he conducted so intricate a case. He wrote out fairly with his own hand a full report of the trial and execution; preserving (like snakes in bottles) the names of the miserable creatures of the grand jury who found the true bill, and of the petty jury who condemned the martyrs. This he sent up to the Lords of the Council; and it found its way into one of their chests, and so into the bundles

of "Domestic papers," whence we now extract it to fill up a *hiatus* that was *valde deflendus* in Challoner's memoirs.

"The whole order of the arraignment, judgment, and execution of Raffe Crockett and Edward James, at the Sessions of Oyer and Determiner, holden at Chichester, in Sussex, on the last day of September, anno 30^o Dominæ Elizabethæ Reg. And of the like condemnation of John Oven and Francis Edwardes at the same time, whose execution notwithstanding respited.

The Right Hon. the Lord Buckhurst having received direction from the other the right hon. the lords of her majesty's privy council, with the commission of oyer and determiner, and their examinations and forms of indictment of a priest, for his being within the realm after the statute made anno 27th of the queen's reign, and of indictment for the receiving of such a priest for the proceeding in their arraignments, sent carefully with all speed for Thomas Bowyer, to be with him at Lewes on Monday the 23d of September at night, signifying that he had to impart unto him matter of importance touching her majesty's service. At which time the said Thomas Bowyer attending on his lordship; and finding Mr. Richard Lewknor there also about the same cause, he was willed by them to provide to give evidence against the persons aforementioned, and appointed the Monday last of September for the indictment, and Tuesday 1st of October for the arraignment of them. The said Thomas Bowyer, although before that time he had received great discouragement for the executing of his duty in some cases against recusants, yet, in respect of his special duty to her majesty, he willingly took on him the charge, and on Monday the last of September, before Sir Thomas Palmer, Knight, Richard Lewknor, Esq., Walter Covert, Esq., Henry Goring, Esq., George Goring, Esq., and John Shyrley, Esq., in commission of oyer and determiner, a special jury of substantial freeholders being charged for the inquiry, viz. Henry Hodgeson, Thomas Murford, William Magewyke, John Pytt, William Westbrooke, Richard Bettesworth, Edward Grene, John Scarvill, William Aylesse, Thomas Gunwyn, John Blackman, Thomas Bennett, John Slater, John Lancaster, Thomas Mychell, George Grene, John Osburne, William Rumbridger, Nicholas Osburne, John Clarek, John Sawnder, John Watson, and Robert Farnden, the said Thomas Bowyer preferred four several bills of indictment: (1) Against Edward James, that he, being born at Beston in the county of Derby, and since the feast of St. John Baptist, in the first year of the queen, and before the 28th of April in the 28th year, was made priest at Rome beyond sea, by authority derived from the see of Rome, the same 28th of April was and remained at Little Hampton in Sussex, traitorously and as a traitor to our sovereign lady the queen, and contrary to the form of the statute in that case provided.

(2) Against Raffe Crockett, born at Barton-on-the-Hill, in the county of Chester, before the 28th day of April anno 28^o; made

priest at Rheims; was the said 28th of April at Little Hampton in Sussex, &c.

(3) Against John Oven, born at Oxford, in the county of Oxford, before the 1st of April anno 39^o; made priest at Rheims; was the said 1st of April at Battle in Sussex.

(4) Against Francis Edwardes, born within the realm of England, viz. at Ryxham, in the county of Denbigh, in Wales, before the last of July in the 27th year; made priest at Rheims; was the same last of July at Chichester in Sussex. (Here is to be noted, that the words of the statute are, 'born within the realm of England, or any other her highness's dominions;' and that the statute 27th Henry VIII. c. 26, uniteth Wales to England. So the indictment well, *infra regnum Angliæ*.)

The long forenoon being spent about the appearance and charge of the jury, the quarter-sessions being also then kept too, in the short afternoon the said Thomas Bowyer attended on the inquest to inform them on the evidence; and having each of the said prisoners' several examinations taken at the prisons where they were, upon the effect of the statute and common law opened to the inquest, and the perusing of the examinations, the inquest, after a little conference, found the bills, and presented them to the justices; and then forthwith were the said four prisoners brought to the bar, and severally arraigned; each of them pleaded not guilty, and put themselves to trial of the country; and although the day were very far spent, and the time of trial, by the Lord Buckhurst's order, appointed to be the Tuesday, to the intent that greater resort from the further parts of the shire might be present at it, yet the justices forthwith that evening proceeded to trial; the jury charged for the trial were these, —John Mutton, Thomas Betsworth, John Stradlinge, John Bonner, John Duppa, Richard Hobson, Richard Cooke, Thomas East, William Ruffyn, John Turner, Thomas Grene, and Richard Haler.

The order of the evidence was first the opening; the effect of the statute of 22^o, which was, that if any born within the queen's realm of England or her dominions, and made priest since the Nativity of St. John Baptist, in the first year of her reign, should after forty days after the end of the parliament of 27^o be and remain within the realm, that the same should be adjudged treason, and they to be condemned as traitors. Then was opened to the jury that the treasons whereof they were to be convicted were indeed treasons by the common laws of the realm, and that the very same treasons were mentioned in the statute of 25^o Edward III., as the adhering to her majesty's enemies, compassing and imagining the deprivation of the queen from her regal authority and life was not to be doubted to be their intent and purpose, which intent in treasons were sufficient to prove the party guilty, though the act were not executed, because it would be too late to punish the offence after the act executed. This intent of theirs by the common law is to be proved by the overt fact, and only for the ease and satisfaction of the country at trial to prove the overt fact this statute was made;

for no man will doubt but that the Pope is the queen's capital enemy, as one that hath gone about by his sentence to deprive the queen of her estate, and to absolve her subjects of their fidelity and allegiance; the authority whereof he hath claimed and established by the Council of Lateran, holden A.D. 1213, wherein he sheweth himself to be very Antichrist at Rome; and therefore each of them being natural born subjects to her majesty, and going out of the realm, and there adhering to the Pope, and by or under his authority taking an order of priesthood, and returning to win the queen's subjects to their faction, were without any question even by the common law to be adjudged traitors. All which by their own several examinations appeared to be true; each of which examinations were to each of them and the jury upon each of their trials read, and could not be denied by them; which proved sufficiently the matters contained in their several indictments, concurring with the effect of the statute. The examiners under whose hands the examinations were showed were John Puckering, sergeant-at-law, Peter Osburne, James Dalton, William Danyell, Nicholas Fuller, Richard Branthwayt, Richard Topclyff, and Richard Young, some to the one, some to the other: their answer was, that they came only to do their function, which was to win people to the Catholic faith; and that it was a cruel law to make their religion and the taking of priesthood to be treason, and that the time hath been that priesthood had been revered in England. To which it was said, they were far deceived to think that they were in question of any matter of religion; but their offence was apparent treason, to go about to draw the queen's subjects from their obedience, and thereby to deprive the queen of her estate, with adhering also to the Pope, known to be the queen's mortal enemy. And the statute did no more but make certain the overt fact, for the ease of the jury that should try the treason by their overt fact. And that they had even at the making of the act some of their own faction that defended their cause and spake against the bill, even Apharry, that came purposely over to take the queen's life away; and therefore they had no cause to find fault with the law, or to allege any cruelty therein. And Mr. Lewknor showed them that in the late time of Queen Mary it was made treason to pray for the queen, as by the statute is set down, which could not be any overt fact to declare any intent of treason. The Bishop of Chichester, then also present by reason of the quarter-sessions, did both show how they were deceived and abused in such points of religion as they professed, and that their religion was made but a cloak to cover their treasons; and dealt most with John Oven, who in his youth was known to the bishop, and had received exhibition of him. The jury thereupon departed; and after a while, returned and gave their verdict, finding each of them severally guilty: first, John Oven; second, Raffe Crockett; third, Francis Edwardes; and Edward James last. At the giving of the verdict, Guilty, only Raffe Crockett said, *Non timebo quid mihi faciat homo*; the rest said little or nothing; whereupon they had, after their judgment, pronounced by Mr. Richard Lewknor

according to their deserts, to be drawn, hanged, and quartered. After that, divers ministers offered to confer with them; but of all other Crockett was most obstinate, both himself in refusing of conference and in persuading the others to continue in their obstinacy and lewdness. But yet Oven first yielded to acknowledge the queen to be their and our sovereign, and to take the oath appointed by the statute of anno primo. Whereupon the justices and under-sheriff, knowing the queen's majesty's mercy to surpass all her other virtues, did re-trieve him upon hope to obtain his pardon; notwithstanding Thomas Bowyer moved the justices that he should take the oath publicly in the open sessions, and also freely and from his heart declare openly these articles following, devised then by him for that purpose, and subscribe the same; which was done at the quarter-sessions the Tuesday morning:

I, John Oven, do utterly renounce and forsake that point of doctrine holden by the Pope and his adherents, as a doctrine traitorous;* whereby he claimeth, as by the Council of Lateran is expressed, to absolve the subjects of that prince that he shall denounce to be a heretic of their fidelity to that prince, and to give the realm or lands of that prince to Catholics (as he calleth them), who should without controversy possess the same.

I do also utterly detest and abhor all such (if any such be) as do imagine themselves dispensed withal for feignedly submitting themselves to the obedience of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, until such time as the Pope shall otherwise appoint, or time serve their turn.

I do also promise to be aiding and assisting to all doings whatsoever that shall tend to the safety of her most royal person; and shall, to the uttermost of my power, during my life, make known all such parties and practices as shall any way tend to the endangering of her most royal person; whom I pray God long and long to preserve to reign over us. And so was John Oven re-trieved, and is with my Lord of Chichester.

On the same Tuesday, about noon, the other three, Edward James, Raffe Crockett, and Francis Edwardes, were drawn all on one hurdle towards the place of execution, at Broyle Heath, little more than a quarter of a mile without the north gate of Chichester, divers ministers attending on them. But both James and Crockett, but especially Crockett, refused all conference; and so Crockett was first taken to execution. And before his going up the ladder, he kneeled down to James to have absolution; and as a minister standing by reported to me, required it in these words, *Pater, absolve mihi*; and so had absolution; and so had James the like of Crockett. At his first coming up and turning himself on the ladder, he blessed the people with this term, 'As many as were capable of his blessing;' then all, for the most part, crying aloud, that they refused his blessing, and would not be capable of it. Then he spake some-

* It was devised antichristian and traitorous; but that was put out by one of the justices present.

what in excuse of himself; and that he died for religion, and coming to execute his function of priesthood. But Mr. Walter Covert and Mr. Richard Lewknor, justices present, caused him to stay his proceeding in that speech, saying that it was treason, and not a matter of religion, that he was condemned for. Then he offered to pray in Latin; the people crying out to him, 'Pray in English, and they would pray with him.' And so, after a few prayers in Latin to himself, he was executed according to his desert; Edward James all that while kneeling alone in his prayers. And then taking to execution, at his first coming and turning himself on the ladder, he said in English, lifting up his eyes, 'Into Thy hands I commit my soul, O Lord; Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth:' which prayer the people liked well, and commended. But suddenly he turned to his Latin speeches, the people crying out him to pray in English; and was very shortly executed, also according to his deserts.

All this while of their execution, the ministers there were very busy in conference with Francis Edwardes, who, until Edward James was off from the ladder, would never relent; but then forthwith he began to yield, to be conformable, and to acknowledge the queen's authority; and so was by the sheriff, with the allowance of Mr. Lewknor and Mr. Covert, stayed from execution: and so now remaineth in the house of Mr. Henry Blackstone, one of the residentiaries of the church of Chichester, and, as I understand, did in the afternoon take the oath of *anno primo* publicly at the sessions, and declare and subscribe the same articles that John Owen did."*

Reader, be not too hard on the poor men whose hearts failed them when they were called to wade up to the neck in blood through that terrible red sea of martyrdom. Such falls were not rare in those dreadful days; and we have met with some instances of men, after a similar lapse, having a second trial, and gaining the victory. We have not been able to trace the subsequent career of Owen and Edwardes. Probably they were kept in prison for some years (for the government knew too well the effect of its sanguinary policy, to trust the sincerity of its terrified converts); and after regaining their liberty, escaped over the seas, and there abjured the lie which they had professed. We may hope that this was their case; at any rate, whether it was so or not, Providence seems to have defended the Church then as now against the scandals which might have arisen from the apostasy of priests: either the Protestants found their converts to be men of the Achilli stamp, affording no great grounds of triumph; or their sincerity was suspected; or the jealousy of the ministers dreaded their rivalry, and prevented their rise;—at any rate, they never made much mark; in losing their faith, they lost also their power, and were soon cast aside as salt that had lost its savour.

* State-Paper Office, 1588, September 30, no. 701.

The argumentative use that the government made of such cases is interesting, as illustrative of the well-known rule in rhetoric, that you can always draw contradictory conclusions from one and the same fact. The early apologists of Christianity, who had to defend themselves from the charge of treason to the state, urged on their persecutors, that even they by their acts confessed their victims to be no traitors; because, if they would but burn a little incense to the statue of the emperor, they were at once received into favour. Emperors, they said, are not wont to pardon real treason on such easy conditions. Burghley, however, and the council, determined as far as they could to forestall this argument. They were extravagant in their adulation of that boundless clemency of the queen, which spared even known and notorious traitors, on their conformity to her religion, and their promise of future obedience to her laws. Her savage hanging and embowelling of men whose only crime was avowedly that, being priests, they were found in England, was called justice; and that far more abominable torture of the racked conscience, forced by its weakness and by its fears to deny that which was its inmost conviction, to worship that which it loathed as diabolical, and to fawn beneath the tyrant's shoe, was called mercy! Mercy indeed! Well might an author of that age say, "It is a gross flattering of tired cruelty, to honest it with the title of clemency." Yet this was the task which the counsellors of Elizabeth set themselves to perform; and they succeeded so well, that they originated a traditional belief which is only now beginning to be weakened.

Bishop Challoner supplies a piece of information about these martyrs not found in the records which we have been examining. "These quarters," he tells us, "were set upon poles over the gates of the city; through one of which a Catholic man passing early in the morning, found one of these quarters, which had fallen down, which by the size was judged to be Mr. Crockett's (he having been a tall man, whereas Mr. James was of low stature). This quarter was carried off and sent to Douay, where I have seen it."

It would be interesting to know whether this relic has survived the storms of the French Revolution; and also whether any authentic portraits of the martyrs have been preserved. In default of any other memorial, it is to be hoped that when the Catholics of Chichester want another chapel, they will not forget the claims of "the place of execution at Broyle Heath, little more than a quarter of a mile without the north gate" of their city.

Review.

GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel. By M. Guizot. Bentley.

IN one of the opening paragraphs of these memoirs, M. Guizot speaks of Sir Robert Peel as a man on whom Providence bestowed such favours as are rarely accorded to any single person. Warmed, possibly, by the consciousness of the singular contrast presented by his own destiny, he speaks of the life of Peel, of his gifts, and his almost premature death, as giving him a place among those who are specially honoured by their Maker. He has himself added another element to the combination of the goods of fortune which crowned the subject of his eulogy. It is a rare, indeed, if not an unparalleled thing, that the first minister of one great country should find his biographer in the first minister of another great country; a biographer, too, who—if he must be keenly sensitive to the difference of his own career—permits himself to be swayed by no feelings of envy or mortification; and who abstains for a time from writing the life of his brother-minister, not in order to attain a freedom from jealousy, but in order to allow the warmth of personal friendship to subside into the less blinding temperature of cordial historical approbation.

“At the period of the death of Sir Robert Peel,” says M. Guizot, “now more than six years ago, I felt an earnest desire to pay him my public homage, and to indicate what, in my opinion, would be his characteristic physiognomy and position among men who have governed their country. But it is difficult to speak of the dead, even of the best, in presence of the feelings which burst forth around their grave, and when it seems that they themselves are still present, and hear the words which are spoken about them. A sincere homage can be fittingly paid only at some distance from the tomb, when friendly and hostile passions have alike grown calm, but indifference has not yet commenced. I had, moreover, a personal motive for reserve. On the last occasion on which he addressed the House of Commons, on the 28th of June 1850, the day before the accident occurred which caused his death, Sir Robert Peel, alluding to the miserable quarrel which had arisen, seven years before, between France and England in reference to the affairs of Tahiti, did me the honour to speak of me in terms by which I could not but be, and was, too much affected for my sympathy to appear altogether disinterested. I therefore postponed the accomplishment of my desire. I revert to it now without scruple.”

The result of M. Guizot's labours is one of the most interesting pieces of political biography with which we are acquainted. It is not, indeed, exactly profound; it is scarcely brilliant; it is not stored with telling sarcasms or gossiping anecdotes. Nor—though the work of a Frenchman—is it a repertory of scientific truths, sometimes important, sometimes eminently trivial, yet ever stated with that epigrammatic and antithetical point which enables the veritable Gaul to be as philosophic on the folds of a lady's dress as he is on the metaphysical analysis of her heart within. On the contrary, in many respects these memoirs are remarkably unpretending and straightforward, and might almost have been written by an Englishman. They do not even present us with any elaborate portrait of their subject by way of eloquent conclusion. They are literally the political memoirs of the statesman, and nothing else. Their merit lies in their clear perception of English affairs; in their calm and historic treatment of events yet recent; in the tokens they display of literary skill and practised power; and in their author's cordial admiration for the subject of his biography, as distinguished from that rampant style of puffery with which political heroes are too often lauded by their admirers.

The chief deficiency in the book lies in its earlier portions. It begins almost as a sketch, and gradually expands to a biography; consequently one or two of the most important events in Sir Robert Peel's career are hurried over far too cursorily. On his part in the reform of the criminal code, M. Guizot tells his readers little more than nothing; and on the whole history of the Catholic emancipation he is particularly meagre and unsatisfactory. Yet the share of Sir Robert Peel in the latter work was as important, and was accompanied with as full a measure of struggle and courage on his own part, and of vehement and bitter partisanship on that of his opponents, as his conduct on the Reform Bill, or his abolition of the Corn Laws.

The fact is, that, with all the pains he has taken in these memoirs, M. Guizot has not thoroughly studied his *whole* subject. He writes at length and fully on the events in Sir Robert's life with which he became familiar as they passed in succession year after year before his eyes; but he has not bestowed on the early parts of his career such attention as it deserves. Consequently the volume bears marks of its origin, which is in reality twofold. Parts of it were read by M. Guizot before the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques; and, as a whole, it first appeared in a French periodical. A harsh judgment might accordingly describe it as being M.

Guizot's personal reminiscences of the times of Sir Robert Peel, rather than a complete memoir of his life. The title of the volume is further defective; for the book is concerned almost exclusively with the life of the politician, and only slightly glances at the life and character of the man. Such as it is, however, it is a valuable and interesting performance; and will be welcome to every reader who wishes to refresh his memory of the events of the last half-century under the guidance of one of its most accomplished and thoughtful statesmen.

That the world in general will soon be agreed in their estimate of the motives and personal character of Sir Robert Peel, is extremely improbable. Perhaps no statesman of mark has ever furnished such ample materials for the formation of contradictory opinions as to the rank he is entitled to hold among honest and great politicians. To this day he is held to have been a rogue by not a few, and a still larger number are indisposed to allow him the title of a great statesman. While success is in most cases accounted a sufficient proof of the eminent capacity of politicians and soldiers, in Peel's case it is remarkable that the very fact that he so rarely failed in what he attempted is used as a sort of argument to prove that he was no better than a time-server and a politician of the second class. It would have added, therefore, materially to the interest of M. Guizot's book, if he had embodied, even briefly, his own ideas on both these insinuations against his fellow-statesman. That he holds Peel in the highest esteem in both points, is clear enough; but we miss some distinct statements of his views, and some exposition of his reasons for the veneration with which he regards his friend. We cannot pretend to supply in a few pages the omissions of M. Guizot's volume, even were we in other respects fitted for the task of following in the steps of so accomplished a writer; but we think that a slight sketch of Sir Robert's character under these two chief aspects may not be an inappropriate addition to our remarks on the essay before us.

Before attempting this, however, the reader may be glad to see a few specimens of the incidental subjects which M. Guizot has introduced into his biography. It is not a book rich in passages fit for extraction; but there are a few, from which we select the following. We give them as specimens of M. Guizot's powers, without expressing any opinion as to the correctness of his views. Even if we dissent decidedly from his conclusions, it is well worth while to notice how English affairs strike the mind of a person like the ex-premier of France.

Here is Lord Eldon, in a more lively character than he was wont to assume :

"Lord Eldon had presented to the House of Lords a petition from the tailors of Glasgow against emancipation. 'What!' said Lord Lyndhurst, 'do the tailors trouble themselves about such measures?' 'No wonder,' answered Lord Eldon; 'you can't suppose that tailors like turncoats.'"

And here is the English nation, presented in colours sufficiently flattering to her self-love :

"It is a commonplace, which was long repeated, and is probably still believed by many persons, that in her zeal for the introduction and extension of the right of search, for the repression of the slave-trade, England attached much more importance to the right of search than to the repression of the slave-trade, and had it in view much rather to secure her own maritime preponderance than to exhaust the supplies of the slave-market. Such an opinion betrays a strange ignorance of the history, and a very superficial appreciation of the character, of the English people. National egotism, it is true, occupies a large place in their character; they are more often swayed by interest than carried away by enthusiasm; they discern and pursue with a cold and unbending sagacity any thing that can be of service to their prosperity or their power; but when a general idea, a moral conviction, has once taken possession of their soul, they unhesitatingly accept its consequences, however onerous, seek its success with persevering passionateness, and are capable of the greatest sacrifices in order to obtain it. This characteristic trait of England is strikingly exhibited in the history of her religious belief, of her political institutions, and even of her philosophical speculations. There is no people more attached to its interests, when its interests are at stake; no people more devoted to its faith, when it has a faith."

And here an instance of the sort of replies which are brought upon us Catholics by our own writers, when we think that the best way to describe our affairs is to lay on the brightest rose-colour, and never spare :

"It is an assertion, admitted as a fact, and constantly repeated by most Catholic journals, that Protestantism is altogether on the decline; that it no longer numbers among its professors any but persons who are either utterly indifferent to religious matters, or eager to return into the bosom of the Catholic Church; and that, in a word, it is every where growing cold and decomposed like a dead body. A curious instance of the frivolous ignorance into which men may be led by passion! I might invite those who take pleasure in this idea to go into England, and to see with their own eyes how living, how widely-spread, and how constant are the faith and practice of Protestant Christianity in that country; I might take them into Holland, into Germany, into Sweden, into the United States of

America, into France even, and show them how every where among Protestants religious faith and fervour are reviving and spreading by the side of the learned or vulgar, the fanatical or apathetic, incredulity of the day,—a malady with which, assuredly, in the Christian world, Protestant States are not alone afflicted: but I pass by this controversy on religious statistics, and wish merely to direct attention to one fact, with which the affair of Tahiti is intimately connected, and which can alone explain the importance it assumed."

With these specimens of M. Guizot's acuteness we must content ourselves, and proceed to our proposed estimate of the character and abilities of the subject of his essay.

First, then, as to Sir Robert Peel's sincerity and general purity of motive in his political life. On this point, our own opinion is that, compared with politicians in general, he was the very model of single-mindedness and honour. Compared with men whose views are more distinctly religious, of course he takes a lower level. To call Peel a saint is simply ludicrous; to pretend that he himself, his reputation, and his position in life, were not perpetually before his thoughts, is out of the question; to imagine him carried away by a noble enthusiasm for a noble end, and forgetting self in his pursuit of a glorious work, though acted on solely by natural motives, is impossible. There are men to be found in all countries, both Protestants and Catholics, who, without being directly under the influence of a pure love of God in their public and private life, are yet entitled to a far higher place among the self-devoted benefactors of their kind than we can possibly concede to Sir Robert Peel. In this respect his own memoirs, now partly published in a maimed and not quite satisfactory shape by his literary executors, prove him to have been too painfully alive to what the world thought of him. A man morally greater would have been less careful to right himself with posterity by his own defence. He would have left his acts to speak for themselves; he would either have been content with the good he had done, and thought little of the world's censure; or he would have trusted to the calming influences of time, and the researches of future historians, to do him that justice which the passions and ignorance of his own day denied him. We cannot, therefore, think Sir Robert Peel a great man, speaking morally. But at the same time, comparing his conduct and motives with those of other statesmen, whether of our own or of other times, we believe that he stands immeasurably above the ordinary class of those who are commonly counted as men of honour and integrity; while few indeed can claim any really higher rank in the annals of patriots and philanthropic legislators.

The exact reverse of the well-known censure passed by Goldsmith upon Burke is, in fact, applicable to Peel to a most remarkable extent. The poet's condemnation of his brilliant and philosophic fellow-Irishman was, indeed, as foolish as a *bond-fide* criticism as it was neatly and pointedly expressed. Whatever Burke's defects, to charge him with "giving up to party" the gifts which were "meant for mankind," was an utterly undeserved accusation. But in the case of Peel, the well-known line exactly expresses the fault which, above almost all statesman, he did *not* commit. That the most powerful statesmen of his day should twice break from his party, for the purpose of carrying measures which they abhorred, without a chance or a wish of finding in a new set of supporters any consolatory healing of the wounds caused by the separation, is a thing, so far as we remember, without precedent in English history. No man in Peel's position ever gave up what he gave up to carry Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn-laws. These two acts, striking enough if taken one by one, but more than doubly striking when combined, prove him to have been guided by a sincerity of conviction little short of the absolutely intense. Every thing that men hold most dear in the way of political friendship and private position he either risked, or deliberately foresaw would be torn from him. Any thing more mortifying, more humiliating, more bitter, to a man of his character and his circumstances, it is difficult to conceive. The wounding and the cutting to which he laid himself open, extended far beyond the ordinary limits of political animosity. There were people of the highest rank and personal respectability, formerly his warm supporters, who actually for many years after the Emancipation Act would not speak to Peel in private society. Those who do not personally remember the times, have no conception of the pure ferocity of the partisanship of the party from which Peel then broke away. To judge of him aright, it is not sufficient to remember that he yielded most unwillingly to rightful claims, and that he occasionally wrote and talked something very like supreme nonsense. His honesty is to be estimated by his conduct towards his own friends, by the tremendous price he paid in order to be able to carry out Emancipation, even though his reasons for wishing to carry it out were neither the most logically consistent nor the most philosophically enlightened. A man may think very like a fool in deciding on what he ought to do, and yet act like a hero when it comes to carrying out his convictions. While, then, we smile at the rubbish which passed between the

various correspondents in Ireland and England about O'Connell's wickedness, and the upsetting of all that was best and most venerable in the land; and all the rest of the trash which passed for wisdom among the Tories of five-and-twenty years ago,—we can do justice to the courage and self-sacrificing purity of motive which ultimately led Peel to accomplish that which he thought right and necessary, however distasteful and odious to all his previous habits and feelings.

Moreover, he was exactly in that social position which usually renders a man peculiarly reluctant to break with those aristocratic supporters whom he thus made his deadliest enemies. Born of plebeian ancestry, and not yet allied by marriage to the patrician class, he was—by his vast fortune, his abilities, and his political power—already so placed in the midst of the aristocracy as to have the fairest prospects open to him, if his ambition should lie in the foundation of a noble family. Of those social splendours which have so fascinating an attraction for most men, it is difficult to point out any which were not within Sir Robert's grasp. Now it is just when a *novus homo* finds himself thus gradually recognised as one of that world which rules in England, that most persons are especially alive to the dangers of any conduct which may affront the haughty caste among whom they are beginning to take root. The men who, though sprung from the people, have lately left the people, are those to whose sympathies and self-denying patriotism the people usually appeal in vain. None so proud, none so despotic, none so slavish a worshipper of stars and garters, as your *parvenu*.

Judging Peel, accordingly, by the common test, he was exactly the man to have bound the English aristocracy to him for ever as one of themselves, if he had heart and soul adhered to his party, and proclaimed himself the willing—though the very safe—martyr to the cause of property and the peerage. Protestantism, property, and the peerage. Can there be a more alluring alliteration of party-cries wherewith a man of Peel's capacities and wealth might have established himself as the leader of the aristocracy of his country? Happily for his country, he had a soul above stars and garters; and however low his reasons may stand in the scale of those who forget that “expediency” is the “right” guide in ninety-nine out of a hundred political measures, he threw overboard all that man's selfish heart holds dear, and did his duty, if not with the motives of a saint, yet almost with the courage of a hero.

As illustrating both this social position and also the personal character of Sir Robert Peel, we may refer to one or

two paragraphs from M. Guizot's memoir. In the following he describes the statesman in his own home :

"I have lived twice in England, first as the ambassador of a powerful monarch, afterwards when proscribed by a terrible revolution ; I received on both occasions the same welcome, except that it was more earnest and friendly in the days of my adversity than in the days of my high fortune. It is a noble country ; full of men of upright minds and generous hearts, who know how to honour, even when they oppose, and who are always brought back by generosity to justice ! In Sir Robert Peel, both with regard to general politics, and to myself personally, I found the same sentiments as before ; mingled, however, with some reserve upon questions which we were both of us but little inclined to approach. He was particularly, and with reason, anxious regarding the position of England with respect to France, and desirous that the two countries might continue, not only at peace, but on good terms with one another. Our impressions, moreover, with regard to the Revolution of February, though very near akin, did not fully coincide ; he was more struck than offended by the event, and saw its proximate and apparent causes rather than those which lay deeper and further off. My feeling could not be, and was not, the same ; but these were diversities rather than disagreements between us, and did not interfere with the general conformity of our views. In the autumn of 1848, he invited me to spend some days at his residence, Drayton Manor ; and I retain the most pleasurable recollections of this visit, which I enjoyed with two of my friends, M. Damon and the Duke de Montebello. I there saw Sir Robert Peel in the bosom of his family, and in the midst of the population of his estates ; Lady Peel, still beautiful, passionately and modestly devoted to her husband ; a charming daughter, since married to a son of Lord Camoys ; three sons, one a captain in the navy, already renowned for the most brilliant courage, the second, who had just made a successful *début* in the House of Commons, the third still engaged in his studies ; on the estate, numerous and prosperous farmers, among whom was one of Sir Robert's brothers, who had preferred an agricultural life to any other career ; great works of rural improvement, and more particularly of drainage, in progress, which Sir Robert Peel watched closely and explained to us with an accurate knowledge of details. Altogether, a beautiful domestic existence, grand and simple, and broadly active ; in the interior of the house, an affectionate gravity, less animated, less expansive, and less easy than our manners desire or permit ; political recollections perpetuated in a gallery of portraits, most of them of contemporaries, some Sir Robert Peel's colleagues in government, others distinguished men with whom he had been brought in contact. Out of doors, between the landlord and the surrounding population, a great distance, strongly marked in manners, but filled up by frequent relations, full of equity and benevolence on the part of the

superior, without any appearance of envy or servility on the part of the inferiors. I there beheld one of the happiest examples of the legitimate hierarchy of positions and persons, without any aristocratic recollections or pretensions, and amid a general and mutual feeling of right and respect."

Two other short extracts touch upon the sources of his political weakness and his political strength. They are full of suggestions to every man who is in a position to sway the opinions of his contemporaries. We see the truths they embody reproduced in every society, great and small; and they cannot be too closely laid to heart by those who are impelled by a sense of duty to attempt to act upon their age, especially in a time like the present, and in a country like England. The first of the two points out the injurious effects of that coldness and reserve of outward manner which was a well-known characteristic of Peel, and which made people give him little credit for that susceptibility and steady warmth which lay hid beneath an almost unimpassioned and haughty demeanour:

"This judicious politician, this skilful tactician, this consummate financier, this reasoner who had so marvellous a knowledge of facts, this orator who was often so eloquent and always so powerful, did not know how to live on intimate terms with his party, to imbue them beforehand with his ideas, to animate them with his spirit, to associate them with his designs as well as with his successes, with the workings of his mind as well as with the chances of his fortune. He was cold, taciturn, and solitary in the midst of his army, and almost equally so in the midst of his staff. It was his maxim, that it was better to make concessions to his adversaries than to his friends. The day came when he had to demand great concessions from his friends; not for himself, for he sought none, but for the public interest, which he had warmly at heart. He found them cold in their turn, not prepared to yield, and strangers to the transformations which he had himself undergone. He was not in a position to make them share his views, and to bring them to a necessary compromise. He had fought at the head of the Conservative party for ten years as leader of the Opposition, and for five years as leader of the Government. Out of three hundred and sixty members who had ranged themselves around him in 1841, at the opening of Parliament, he with great difficulty persuaded a hundred and twelve to vote with him in 1846, on the question with which he had bound up his fate."

The other records the Duke of Wellington's opinion of his virtues:

"Beneath a cold and stiff exterior, without brilliancy of imagination, and without expansive abundance of disposition, Sir Robert Peel possessed and had displayed the qualities, I should rather say

the virtues, which excite and justify the affectionate admiration of peoples. He was sincere and devoted, and invincibly courageous in his sincerity and devotedness. 'In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel,' said the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, 'I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated any thing which he did not firmly believe to be the fact. I could not, my lords, let this conversation come to a close, without stating that which I believe to have been the strongest characteristic feature of his character.' "

We may add, with reference to the Duke himself, that it was mainly to the reputation which he obtained for those very same virtues which he saw in his friend, that he owed his own powerful influence with his fellow-countrymen. As a statesman, so far as abilities and information were concerned, the Duke of Wellington cannot for a moment be compared with Sir Robert Peel; nor were his patriotism and disinterestedness—whatever they really might have been—ever tested as Peel's were tested. His position as a statesman was very much a kind of corollary to his genius and success as a soldier. But all would have gone for little, but for the confidence with which he inspired his age in his indomitable courage and his unswerving honesty. Nobody suspects him of caring for the people—that is, for his fellow-creatures—with the same warmth which animated his friend and colleague; though it would be most unjust to speak of him as a hard-hearted man. Nor have we any proof that he would have had the self-devotion to face the frowns of his friends with the same courage with which he faced the hatred of his enemies; for the bitterness of exasperated Toryism wreaked its vengeance on the master Peel, and soon melted into sweetness towards the disciple Wellington. Yet the world discerned in him the heart of a lion, and a lion's openness too; and it yielded to him that place in its affections which it never gives to the most skilful craft or the most obedient servility.

But we must pass on to the question as to whether Peel is entitled to rank among the greatest of statesmen from the merely intellectual point of view. With his enemies it is a favourite pastime to depreciate his capacities, and to compare him disadvantageously with men of the stamp of his sometime colleague, Canning. Even his admirers are at times at a loss in what niche to place his statue in the gallery of

distinguished politicians. A sort of suspicion haunts their judgment, that he was, after all, a second-rate lawgiver; a man of expedients, a creature of the hour. The speculation is an interesting one, not merely because it is always agreeable to analyse any specimen of that most intensely interesting of subjects for investigation, the mind of a man gifted above the common herd; but because of the interest which the present age must necessarily feel in the character of one who has left a mark behind him which generations will not efface.

There are, then, two classes of great minds, very unlike each other, and each possessing attributes rarely found united in the same individual; and any decision as to the intellectual rank of Sir Robert Peel will depend upon a critic's previous opinion as to the comparative claims to greatness of these two distinct varieties of the human mind. Of these two classes, the one consists of men who see the force or practical importance of certain truths or principles of action before the ordinary run of their contemporaries, and who are gifted with those powers of reasoning and exposition which enable them gradually to propagate their views. The other consists of those who, unable to detect the weight of ideas until they are more or less popular, yet possess a peculiar instinct for discerning the right moment for recognising them as unquestionably true and of immediate urgency, together with that tact and administrative skill which enables them to embody the truths they have thus recently grasped in some permanent form, whether of law, institution, or custom.

If, then, originality, genius, courage of thought, profoundness of speculation, and keenness of logical and metaphysical perception, be the marks of the highest order of intellect, those who silently begin the work of influencing their fellows are the greatest of men. If, on the other hand, an intellectual sympathy with one's age as a whole, rather than with a few isolated individuals; a capacity for commanding, moderating, and stimulating one's contemporaries in action; a ready perception of what is practicable, as distinguished from what is theoretically desirable; a facility of exposition neither too high nor too low for the class of minds one desires to influence; a steady, energetic, self-controlled industry of thought; a largeness of view over the world of facts; and a power of combining men of various dispositions and habits in united action;—if these qualifications denote the man of first-rate capacity, then it is among those who embody the originality of others that we must seek for the possessors of the truest greatness.

Almost every age and section of the civilised world supplies us with examples of both classes of intelligence. In the Catholic Church, indeed, there is not much scope for the action of the latter kind. It is rarely, indeed, that the principles of Catholicism allow any single person to come forward as the representative of ideas which have long been working in the minds of individual Catholics, and embody them in any thing that can be called a law, an institution, or a custom, at least on a grand scale. When ideas, long fermenting in theory, finally obtain a practical acquiescence in any large section of the Church, it is usually by the same silent and apparently natural process by which they have acquired their abstract power in private. Many people, and chiefly men in authority, without concert and with scarcely an effort, unite in acting on ideas which their forefathers would have viewed with amazement, and almost with suspicion and condemnation.

And this is one of the ways in which the Church adapts herself in action to the changing varieties in the world about her. Her doctrines do not change, her morals do not change, her discipline does not change; but, of two courses open to Catholics as equally lawful, at one time she instinctively adopts one, and at another time another. Opinions, always permissible, and to be found in the writings of her doctors and theologians,—stated more perhaps as barren propositions, interesting to the student, but scarcely important to the man of action,—by degrees acquire a living prominence, and are discovered to be of the most invaluable efficiency towards solving the problems which a restless and eager age presents for analysis and reply.

A striking instance of this practical embodiment of old ideas in new forms, is to be found in the attitude of the French Church towards the State during the past and present generation. It is a fundamental axiom of Catholicism, that the Church is a self-relying, independent body, whose office is distinct from that of secular government, though in no wise opposing it. She has nothing to do with dynasties or human laws; she knows nothing of monarchy, aristocracy, or republicanism. Yet, through the events of many centuries, as a matter of fact, a sort of family alliance had habitually arisen in Catholic countries between hereditary monarchy and the local branches of the Church, which led the world to imagine that the interests of Catholicism required the maintenance of the dominant European state-policy of the last three centuries. Suddenly the Church in France finds herself in totally unexpected circumstances. At first her children are as-

tounded, horror-struck, and bewildered. Almost a generation has to go by before they can fully comprehend the situation and embrace their true policy. Meanwhile ideas germinate and fructify in private. Questions are considered in their fundamental nature, apart from their accidental connections. And now, that very national Church which consented to do the bidding of Louis XIV., almost as if kings were the spiritual equals, if not the superiors, of Popes, is distinguished by its attitude of absolute independence of all forms of government and all dynastic prejudices.

And similar, no doubt, will be the progress, or rather revivification, of old ideas, in every part of the world, as the transition state in which we live gradually assumes its ultimate and permanent forms. In many countries there are minds at work, perhaps unconscious of their office, which have grasped the full significance of the times, and laid their fingers on the precise truths which alone can solve the practical problems of the day, and are in their various places silently impressing these truths on their contemporaries. The mission of men of this stamp is often hardly recognised for many years; they even go to their grave regarded possibly as visionaries or daring speculatists. Yet their work bears fruit in its appointed time. After a while the men of another class take it up. Suddenly millions find themselves of one accord, and wonder that a past generation ever thought otherwise. An instinct, at once acute, confident, and Catholic, assures them that they are right, in their own generation at least; and in these new modes of action the thoughtful observer sees fresh proofs of the indestructibility of the Church, and of her power of adapting herself to the boundless variations of the social, political, and philosophic life of man.

Now, to return to our immediate subject, in the first of these two classes of intellect Sir Robert Peel can find no place. He was eminently a man to lead people to act rather than to teach people to think. He saw nothing till it was seen by a large number of persons. He could not look forward ten, fifteen, twenty years, and say, "The course of events is undoubtedly tending in such a direction; when they have reached such and such a point, something must be done of this or that special nature: for that I will provide; for that I will gradually prepare those whom I can influence; and when the practical moment has come, I will point out the inevitable results which follow from the conclusions in which they have already accompanied me." Nevertheless Sir Robert Peel was undeniably possessed of an instinct that warned him of the certain approach of events before they were thought pos-

sible by most men of his own party. His candour, good sense, calmness of judgment and extent of view, led him to forecast the advent of irresistible combinations of events when the ordinary observer perceived nothing. Hence, in recalling his speeches previous to the Emancipation Act and the repeal of the Corn-laws, one is struck with the caution with which he kept clear of any needless pledges against change. Wherever Peel seemed to change suddenly, and the world reproached him bitterly for tergiversation, it is clear that the blame lay with the world for its want of penetration, and not with him for his previous double-dealing. We do not remember an instance in which he voluntarily misled his friends or his opponents. If holding one's tongue, and expressing oneself vaguely, be misleading, no doubt he misled them. But every man who has to act with others, and yet sees further than they do, must mislead them in *this* way, if this is to be called misleading them. No man is bound to utter all his thoughts to the world, or to pledge himself to changes of opinion before they are finally formed in his own mind. We consider, therefore, that Peel was neither hasty nor rash in altering his views, nor was he dishonest in concealing from his party the modifications his views were undergoing.

That he was unwise in concealing them to the extent he did, is very probable; but it was his nature; and it was an infirmity from which few really wise and prudent men are free. The gradual and cordial communication of one's alterations of opinion to one's friends and partisans, is a thing most difficult to accomplish. It requires a combination of prudence and geniality, of enthusiasm and self-control, which is rarely met with even in the least imperfect of characters. Peel's was eminently a prudent and self-controlling nature, but he lacked geniality and enthusiasm. When it came to final positive action, his sincerity and his courage came in to his help, and partially supplied the place of the more attractive, if less enduring virtues. But if to his honesty and his boldness he could have added a cordial hearty manner, and an occasional display of that enthusiastic ardour which is of such great practical value, there can be little doubt that his victories would have been won at far less cost to himself, and probably with greater advantage to his fellow-countrymen at large.

In thus denying Sir Robert Peel all claim to the rank of those who form men's opinions, and thus lay the foundations of all human action, we are far from implying that he takes an inferior position to that occupied by those English statesmen who are placed highest in the temple of fame.

There is not one great and successful administrator of modern England who has been more than a statesman and lawgiver of the hour. None of them ever foresaw in their early manhood the great reforms or works which they were to accomplish in their maturity or old age. Many of those with whom it is the fashion to contrast Peel to his disadvantage, were not prophets, but talkers; they were not philosophers, but the rhetoricians of their party; their genius lay in brilliant eloquence, not in profound, original, and practical thought. The most brilliant, philosophical, and original of them all—Edmund Burke—was as unpractical a man as ever lived; not only unpractical as an official administrator and a professional law-maker, but as a permanent teacher of the mind of his generation. He left the world with scarcely an impress upon it of his own thoughts. As for the orators of the stamp of Canning, they are of a lower grade! still. Canning *did* little or nothing in the way of moulding the institutions of his country; and as for being a prophet in his day, a master who taught his disciples to think, he has not the shadow of a claim to such an eminence.

Comparing him, then, with the most illustrious of our statesmen, we confess that we see no greater administrator, no wiser or more successful lawgiver, than Sir Robert Peel. Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Castlereagh, Canning,—what have they done more than he did; and save Pitt, who has accomplished works which can ever be compared with his, who reformed the criminal law, passed Emancipation, gave a police to a nation, abolished the Corn-laws, and established Free Trade? What are the works of Pitt himself in comparison?

Peel was an inferior orator, replies the critical reader. Certainly he was an inferior rhetorician; we grant it. But let the question be tried by the test, as to what speeches tended most practically to bring about the result at which they aimed, and none will appear superior to Peel's. No doubt Chatham's oratory accomplished its own special end, in a degree in which Peel's would have failed; but Chatham's would have failed where Peel's succeeded. No English debater but Pitt could have successfully attempted what Peel did in the way of exposition and rational sincere argument in the House of Commons. Recurring, indeed, to his speeches, after the lapse of years, we are struck with their clearness and force, their propriety of expression, their manly dignity, their practical skill, and the evident sincerity which so remarkably distinguishes them from the immense majority of Parliamentary orations. Add to them the elements of enthu-

siasm and epigrammatic point, and they would rank among the masterpieces of the oratory of the world. As it is, they are first-rate in the second class. They represent, not only the spirit of the age to which they were addressed, but also the man who spoke them. And taken in conjunction with his acts and his writings, as now given to the world, they justify us in the conclusion, that if not one of those far-seeing and enthusiastic men who in fact rule their species, Sir Robert Peel was one of the most upright, wise, and successful statesmen and lawgivers whom modern times have seen.

PROSPECTS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY.

Fundamental Philosophy. By the Rev. James Balmez. Translated from the Spanish, by H. F. Brownson, M.A. Dolman.

WE often think that a Catholic professor of philosophy in these days must lead a perplexed and anxious existence, considering the confusion which presents itself on the surface of moral philosophy: unless he has got up his science, and expounds it to his pupils, from some miserable little compendium, which contains certain cut-and-dried formulæ most uninviting to the student; a handful of arguments so clear, decisive, and shallow; so cunning in answering objections, where the real difficulty is kept studiously out of sight; so dogmatic, and decided, and self-sufficient,—that they deceive both professor and pupils. Happy that professor who, wrapped up in his own blissful dreams, knows nothing about Locke or Reid, or Hume or Kant, or Rosmini and Gioberti, or Victor Cousin; or knows just enough to make up his mind for good and all that they are surely the most stupid, reckless, extravagant, and eccentric individuals in the universe, or the most wicked, malicious, and crafty men that ever conspired against truth or virtue. But suppose he aspires to teach philosophy after a higher standard, and to put before his hearers such a system as will command their admiration and rivet their attention by rich stores of metaphysical research, by the coherency of its parts, by the charm of system, and by the crowning grace of simplicity:—suppose he sets to work with the idea that it is impossible all the great writers of philosophy in all ages should have lived in vain; that he may expect his work to be already done for him in great measure; that even the very errors of such men as Kant, and Fichte, and Cousin must bear witness to the truth; and that his work is to read largely, to contrast the opposing systems,

sum up the grounds of evidence in favour of each, show, in doubtful cases, what each school respectively must yield in favour of the other; then, after all, beware lest, after having half-killed himself with his labours, he should in the end have built up, not a system of philosophy, but a mere amalgamation of opinions: his is, indeed, a herculean labour!

But some one will say: Why not confine himself to the Scholastics? There, at least, is Catholic philosophy. Granted; but even then his work is not at an end. He has to throw himself back amongst the dusty tomes of a past age, where every thing bursts upon him as utterly new, strange, and perplexing: first an uninviting terminology; then explanations and illustrations, which serve only to darken the subject, because they are based upon old theories which he is ignorant of, or simply because they are inspired by the *ethos* of an age which is wholly foreign to his modern education. We are not attempting any comparison between the Scholastics and the moderns as to superiority in matters of pure philosophy. In France a great revival of scholastic learning has been begun; and it has long been the opinion of the greatest thinkers, such as Leibnitz, that underneath that obscure terminology, those abstruse arguments, and those curious and almost forgotten theories, lie buried the deep veins of truth which will amply reward our labour. Yet all this does not lessen the difficulty. Again, our student finds himself amid the clamour of contention amongst the Scholastics as amongst the moderns. Even supposing that no false theory has been or ever will be originated, which will not find its sufficient answer in the *Summa* of St. Thomas, yet nothing is more common than to find the angelic doctor quoted most pertinaciously for opposite opinions by contending schools. Then, when, after long and persevering study, he has mastered, in some sort, the different positions of the contending parties, he must, after all, become acquainted with the modern systems, and know in what relation he stands to the writers of England, France, and Germany, that he may meet the living thought of the time, and make himself and his pupils not mere men of a bygone age, but men of the nineteenth century; for we cannot live in the past, and the Church must enable its instruments to live, struggle, and identify themselves with the present. These things considered, we think there is work enough for a Catholic professor of philosophy.

Now it will be urged, "What remedy do you propose? Have you any light or hope to offer for speculative science, when the very tone of its great masters is disappointing? Did not Kant declare that metaphysics had yet to be created?"

And now that many years have since elapsed, are we nearer the proposed goal? Has not Vincenzo Gioberti asserted in our own times, most truly, that philosophy is a ruin? And although he proposed a remedy for the disorder, yet has he scarcely a handful of disciples who believe in his *Ideal Formula*. Which of the systems, in short, would you recommend all Catholics to take up, expound, and stand by to the last breath? Some modification of Reid perhaps, or of Kant, or Rosmini? Your cause is hopeless. Leave metaphysics to its fate; and exchange for these dreamy phantoms of philosophers some solid practical work, which may substantially benefit the Church." We admit how grave is the difficulty. We will not attempt to evade the objection, or abate one *iota* of its natural force. Nevertheless we do not despair of speculative science; and we will show our reasons for a hopeful frame of mind on the subject.

First of all, let us say a few words about the condition of metaphysics in England at the present time. Since the writings of Victor Cousin have become famous in this country, eclecticism has become the reigning method amongst us. Reid is modified by comparison with Kant and Cousin, and even with the Scholastics; whilst Kant, in his turn, must receive a severe scrutiny from the hands of critics, who aim at nothing less than bringing the whole history of speculative science to bear upon the *Critique of Pure Reason*. No age has been so fertile in the critical history of philosophy as our own; and we are far from supposing that all this labour will eventually prove fruitless; and although it is impossible, from the very nature of the case, that eclecticism should ever become the basis of metaphysics, yet that it is a good way (rightly understood) towards building up the science, we can form no doubt. But it was the misfortune of eclecticism, that, being taken up originally by the enemies of the Church, and elevated to the rank of a system, whereas it can never be more than a method, and a treacherous one in unskilful hands, its adversaries combated it without discrimination, instead of appreciating its truthful side, appropriating its force, and fighting the adversary on his own ground. We freely admit that eclecticism is no system of philosophy, and that the axiom, *Error is partial truth*, is just as false, taken in a rigid sense, as that darkness is partial light; while, on the other hand, eclecticism, as a method, is as old almost as science itself. It was no invention of the French school; rather whosoever in any branch of science examines principles through their history, and tests them by their consequences; whosoever appeals to the harmony of many witnesses, and deems that

there is strength in a list of great names,—is by the very fact an eclectic. Finally, if error is not partial truth, yet it is equally true that error bears witness to the truth. Just as the very progress of heresy was an occasion of the Church's definitions, and had its share in the erection of Catholic truth into a system, so we anticipate that, in the long-run, in spite of ill-natured carping and sceptical misgivings, the struggles of conflicting systems will build up the greatness of metaphysics. Locke and his disciples gave the occasion and direction to the more sober efforts of Reid; while Rosmini and Gioberti received from the disciples of Kant, anti-Christian and anti-Catholic as they were, the direction of their efforts; which, as far as their general principle is concerned, whatsoever we may think of their doctrines in detail, have been crowned with success. Let the Catholic philosopher enrich himself with the spoils of the enemies of the Church. No man sits down to write absolute falsehoods. Bishop Berkeley establishes the subjectiveness of our sensations, notwithstanding the astounding error which he tacked on to this universally-admitted truth. He succeeds, too, in spite of the same error, in the main point he proposed, of establishing the existence of God and the human soul, and confounding sceptics and atheists, though a sceptic himself! Who will deny that Reid and Kant have benefited speculative science; or that many of their doctrines have received the stamp of approval even from men whose method and general view of philosophy is absolutely the reverse? We are not saying, of course, that all the infidel and sceptical books of the past and present should be put into the student's hands. God forbid! But we are speaking of the hopes of speculative science; and we believe that the materials for perfecting the system of Catholic philosophy are being prepared, even by the labours of men without the communion of the Church.

The consideration of the value of eclecticism as a method leads us to mention the *Fundamental Philosophy of Balmez*, which has been so ably rendered into English by Mr. Brownson; for Balmez is an eclectic in the sober sense of the word. We do not mean that he has no system of his own, for the very scope of his work is to build up a system by establishing certain fundamental truths as the basis of the science; but his method is chiefly eclectic. He follows false principles through their history, and raises his signal of warning by exhibiting the miserable straits in which the excessive subjective tendencies of the disciples of Kant have involved them. He values speculative lore, and harmonises it, wheresoever he can, by seeking out the ground agreed upon by opposing schools,

He never fights without instinctively possessing himself of the truthful side of his adversary's position. He has a reverence for great names; and, where human reason is weak in its individual force, he is fond of arguments from authority. In short, the professor of philosophy will find done for him to hand the very work he wants, and which he could scarcely achieve himself without immense labour and anxiety. But let us give an instance of the Spanish author's eclecticism, where he points out the analogy between the Scholastics and Kant upon the relation of conceptions and sensations:

"Kant says: 'To enable us to acquire knowledge, the action of the senses, or sensible experience, is necessary.' The Scholastics said: 'There is nothing in the understanding which has not previously been in the senses: *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu.*'"

Kant says: 'Sensible intuitions of themselves are blind.' The Scholastics said: 'Sensible species, or those of the imagination, also called *phantasmata*, are not intelligible.'

Kant says: 'It is necessary to make conceptions sensible by giving them an object in intuition.' The Scholastics said: 'It is impossible to understand, either by acquiring science, or by using that acquired, unless the understanding directs itself to sensible species—*sine conversione ad phantasmata.*'"

"Kant says: 'It is indispensable to render intuitions intelligible by subjecting them to conceptions.' The Scholastics: 'It is necessary to make sensible species intelligible, that they may be the object of the understanding.'"*

Our limited space forbids our quoting the analogy at greater length. In short, we find Kant in harmony with the Scholastics regarding the relations of sensation and knowledge; and the illustrious Rosmini perceived the same analogy. Sensation is not thought, nor the origin, strictly speaking, of any ideas whatsoever; whilst it is the condition, or the *matter*, in school phrase, of our knowledge; and the intelligence (the *intellectus agens* of the Scholastics) furnishes the *form*. The principles of our knowledge are *à priori*, they lie in germ within the womb of intelligence; whilst it is the province of sensation at once to solicit and furnish the materials for their application. This leads us to another question—whence the *form* of the idea by which the mind illumines the sensations is originally derived (for we wish to see whether philosophy, after all, be so hopeless and desperate a case as is frequently represented). This is the great field of discussion between the ontological and psychological schools; for the relation of sensation and knowledge is now agreed upon

* Brownson's translation, vol. ii. ch. viii.

amongst them as regards the general bearings of the question. What hopes have we of the existing controversy? We answer, Great hopes; for whatever we may think of the systems of ontology in detail, we feel no suspicion of the soundness of their general principle. Truth is not merely subjective, or a human creation. Whilst the sensations are mere feelings, utterly blind of their own nature, and inadequate to the production of knowledge, the human mind cannot create at the instant of perception what it was void of before the sensations were received. We say *create*; for nothing short of a creative act in the mind will explain the fact of intelligence, unless we recur to a higher source. Moreover, the mind is conscious that it does not create the idea; for even Kant perceived, that whilst the *matter* of our knowledge is *variable, contingent, and particular*, yet that the element, which, in common with the Scholastics, he designates the *form*, is *unchangeable, necessary, universal*.^{*} Consequently it is no human creation, but a light from heaven; which convinces whilst it illumines, and is the only solid answer we can give the sceptic that we shall not wake up at last and find all human knowledge a dream and a delusion, since absolute, universal, necessary truth can be no dream of the human mind. The idea, formally considered, is from God; nay, it is, as we shall see, a ray of the Divine intelligence itself: "The intellectual light which is within us (says St. Thomas) is nothing else than a certain participated likeness of the uncreated Light, in which are contained the eternal reasons of things."[†] Here the ontologists are in harmony with St. Augustine, St. Bonaventure, Malebranche, Fenelon, Bossuet, and a host of others, who regard the intellectual faculty, not as productive of truth, but as an organ receptive merely of the divine light; as Fenelon puts it, and as, indeed, the heathen Plato taught before him.

We believe that the recognition of the objective character of the idea, considered in its formal aspect, is what constitutes an ontologist; and, judged in accordance with this standard, Balmez should rank with that school. Witness, for instance, the chapters on "Ideas," and the "Universal Reason:"

"There is in our minds," he says, "something *à priori* and absolute; which cannot be altered, even although all the impressions

* Kant regarded our time-and-space notions as the form of our knowledge, and considered them as purely *subjective*. Hence he paved the way for the scepticism of Fichte. We do not forget this. We are dealing with the features of resemblance in our authors, not with their differences.

† St. Thomas (ap. Balmez), q. l. p. 1, q. lxxxiv. a. 5.

we receive from objects be totally varied, nor if all the relations we have with them were to undergo a radical change."

Again:

"The word 'reason' has a profound meaning, for it refers to the infinite intelligence. What is true for the reason of one man, cannot be false for the reason of another; there are, independently of all communication among human minds, and of all intuitions,* truths necessary for all. We must, if we would explain this unity, rise above ourselves, must elevate ourselves to that great unity in which every thing originates, and to which every thing tends. Sublime and consoling thought! Although man disputes about God, and perhaps denies Him, he has God in his intellect, in his ideas, in all that he is, in all that he thinks: the power of perception communicates God to him: objective truth is founded upon God; he cannot affirm a single truth without affirming something in God."

Such is the doctrine of Balmez; and not only of the mass of Catholic writers, but of the greatest thinkers which the world has produced.

"Truth," says Cousin, "may indeed assume a subjective character, from its relation with the soul, or the subject, which perceives it; but, in itself, *it is what it is*, that is to say, objective and absolute. The truths which reason attains by the aid of the universal and necessary principles with which it is provided are absolute truths; reason does not create, but discovers them. *A fortiori* consciousness does not create them; it has no other value than of serving in some sort as a mirror to reason."

The French eclectic departs from the philosophy of Kant upon this very point, and with good reason; for we do not hesitate to affirm, that conceptualism, which regards all grand truths as mere modifications of self, must, consistently pursued, find its ultimate development in the absolute *egoism* of Fichte.†

We must remark here also, that it is sometimes imagined that the whole question in debate between the psychological and ontological schools is, after all, merely a question of method; but this is a very superficial view of the case. The question is one of principle, not of method. Who will regard Fenelon as a psychologist, for instance? yet in his admirable proofs of the existence of God, deduced from our intellectual ideas, he starts with the famous Cartesian doubt; he puts himself in the position of a sceptic, who will accept of no reality save *self* and *ideas*, and who only rests here

* He means sensible intuitions.

† We must caution the reader, however, that although Cousin avoids the subjective view of Kant and Fichte, yet the ontological side of his eclecticism approximates to the pantheism of Schelling.

because there is an intrinsic repugnance to pushing the doubt further. Yet he attains objective reality; he raises himself to God, not merely in spite of his method, and by an inconsequence, as it were, but by a severe logical process, which will bear the test of scrutiny. He sees in his ideas, in the principles of reason, an element of which no contingent fact can render an adequate account. They are in the mind, and the mind contemplates them; but they are not *of* the mind, for they are independent of its action, and beyond its control. Neither are they in the objects which the sceptic imagines to surround him: these are transient, finite, mutable; and therefore can never give what they have not got to give. In short, God is revealed to him as the proper subject of truth, which is *universal, necessary, eternal, and immutable*. However, when we assert that the question at issue between the psychological and ontological schools is not a mere question of method, we are simply speaking of the method pursued in the *investigation of truth*, not of that used in its systematic exposition; since, in this latter case, we are forced to acknowledge, that philosophy, considered as the science of "the ultimate reason of things," can never repose upon a finite, contingent basis. But the principle we have laid down is important, as it will enable the student to rank in his harmony of authorities for the ontological view several names which pass nominally as psychologists, and will convince him that the witnesses in favour of his doctrine are the many against the few.

Plato was the great father of the ontological school; and he regarded God as the subject of universal necessary truths, and the source of all light in the intellectual order, as the sun is the fountain of light in the visible order of things. Aristotle had objected that Plato's ideas were so many independent substances; and this charge has been repeated against him by his opponents of every age, but without foundation, as is sufficiently proved by Cousin. "Intelligible beings," he says, in his *Republic*, "do not only hold from *the Good* (God) that which renders them intelligible, but also their being and essence."* The same is the teaching of St. Augustine and St. Bonaventure, and other holy writers, and of Bossuet and Leibnitz, who concur with Plato and Fenelon in regarding God as the immediate Author and Upholder of the intellectual order. "If I seek," says Bossuet, "where and in what subject these (truths) subsist, eternal and immutable as they are, I am forced to acknowledge a Being in whom truth eternally subsists, in whom

* Ap. Cousin, *Du Vrai*, &c. leçon vii.

it is eternally heard; and this Being must be truth itself, must be all truth, and from Him truth proceeds, in whatsoever exists or is heard outside of Him."* "The idea of the absolute," says Leibnitz, "is within us, and from within us, like that of being. *These absolutes* are nothing else than the attributes of God; and we may say, that they are no less the source of our ideas than God is in Himself the principle of beings."† We give these passages as specimens; but let not the reader imagine that we have exhausted our stock of authorities; for, "from Plato to Leibnitz," says Cousin, "almost all the great metaphysicians, or, at least, all spiritualistic metaphysicians, have thought that absolute truth is an attribute of absolute being. Truth is incomprehensible without God, as God would be incomprehensible without truth. . . . God reveals Himself within us by His absolute truth."‡

But it may be objected, "Granting all this, why cannot we ascend by experience to these absolute truths, and then recognise God as their subject?" Because we are speaking of principles which are *formal, i. e.* constitutive of our knowledge, and which are the *à priori* condition of every act of intelligence. How can experience begin without them? In the very perception of a particular object, how do the sensations become intelligible, which, of their own nature, are mere blind subjective feelings? How does the mind make the first judgment, *I am*, or *It is*? How can we judge that an object is good, wise, and beautiful, in the first instance, if those ideas are the result of a generalisation? Besides, objects are not absolutely good, wise, and beautiful, but according to *goodness, wisdom, beauty*; and in every such-like predication of the relative, we presuppose and indirectly assert the absolute, as our able contemporary Dr. Brownson has so often proved. This is what Balmez means in the passage above cited, where he says that we cannot assert a single truth without asserting something in God, and that God is implied in every act of thought. God, then, manifests Himself in our understanding; and what we term *reason*, or the form of our knowledge, presents characteristics of which neither *self* nor any finite objects can give account. The reader who has followed us so far, will be enabled to appreciate another difficulty. Shall we say that we enjoy an intellectual vision of God? Perhaps the repugnance which has been manifested against this doctrine is due, in great measure, to its having been put in a startling manner, and, it may be, exaggerated:

* Bossuet, *Traité de la Connaissance de Dieu et de Soi-même*.

† Leibnitz, *New Essay*, &c. book iv. ch. xvii.

‡ Cousin, *Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien*, leçon vii.

indeed the very expression 'vision,' or 'intuition' (*intueri*), seems to smack of mysticism; yet it is only a figure of speech, drawn from the analogy of intelligence and corporeal vision. We cannot know God as He is in Himself; but He is revealed in His attributes, especially as in God His attributes are Himself. This knowledge, or vision, is inadequate and *per speculum*, not (as we are disposed to think) because God, as the Absolute, is not offered directly to the cognitive faculty, but because consciousness, which, in the words of Cousin, serves as *the mirror of reason*, inadequately reflects the idea which reason presents. A little child conceives eternity as a distinct idea; but the reflex act cannot repeat it with equal distinctness, and he goes on adding *for ever and ever*, without being able to approach the idea which reason presents, and which excludes all limits whatsoever. Balmez seems to regard our knowledge of the absolute as obtained through a representative *idea*;* but he regards mediate ideas as a source of error in another part of his work; and the very same difficulties tell against representative ideas, whether of the sensible or intellectual order. Perhaps he has St. Thomas on his side, who regards the Intelligible as a "participated likeness" of the Divine intelligibility; but, on the other hand, he has St. Augustine and St. Bonaventure against him.

But we willingly leave these differences, in which the greatest doctors disagree; and simply content ourselves with accepting the labours of the ontological school, in their general principle, as a brilliant protest against the sensationalism of Locke and Condillac, on the one hand, and the egoism of Fichte on the other. We have not written these pages in order to publish to the world original views; but to impart to our readers some share of our own hopefulness as to the prospects of Catholic science, and to show that, if there be individual differences and conflicting systems—how wonderful if it were not so!—yet that there is more harmony in the deep waters than appears on the surface. A *perfect* system of philosophy is perhaps a delusion; but let us be thankful for what we have got. We confess to a decided trust, not in the solitary reflections of an individual mind, but in the harmonious testimony of great thinkers; and this being the case, we hail with all cordiality a writer who is familiar with the history of science, and well-read in the works of the great masters; while he never loses his own individuality, or fails to stamp what he has

* "We discover in our soul an admirable representation; wherein we contemplate, as in a mirror, every thing that passes in that infinite sea, which cannot be known by immediate intuition, so long as we remain in this life." Translation, vol. ii. p. 91.

borrowed with the impress of his own mental character. The *Fundamental Philosophy* will supply a want long felt in our Catholic seminaries. We hear frequent complaints of the handbooks of metaphysics now in use. Even when solid in their principles, and otherwise unobjectionable, they too often present but the mere dry bones of the science, without the living form and graceful clothing which metaphysics is really capable of, and which made the lectures of Cousin so attractive to the minds of youth. Again, these books are often merely the representatives of a certain school; and the student is naturally dissatisfied with an *ex-parte* statement of a question: and then, to crown all, in after-life, when he falls in with some one of that numerous race of speculative unbelievers one may meet with almost any day in a railway-carriage or steam-packet, he soon learns, to his great dissatisfaction, that though good and sound in its general principles, his speculative training has failed to bring him in contact with the mind of the age. The professor wants some aid in supplying these deficiencies—some Catholic work, which may review the systems, and assist him in his criticisms upon them, and which he may safely put into the student's hand. The *Fundamental Philosophy* is such a work. Let us say one word in favour of the translator, whom we had almost forgotten in his author. We are unable to judge of his merits as far as the translation from the Spanish is concerned, for we are unacquainted with that tongue; but so far we can give our testimony, that he has given to the public a readable book, and worthy of the name which he bears; and we have no doubt but that his book will be appreciated, and soon find its way into our seminaries, where it is so much needed.

Short Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Greek Syntax, with a Rationale of the Constructions. By James Clyde, M.A., Greek Tutor in the University of Edinburgh. It would be difficult to speak of this little work more highly than it deserves. It is the production of one who is evidently a master of syntax, and who has made himself thoroughly familiar with all that has been written up to the present time on Greek philology. Mr. Clyde is already favourably known as the author of a treatise on Romaic and Modern Greek compared with one another and with ancient Greek; of which Lord Broughton, in his *Travels in Albania*, vol. ii. p. 477, speaks in the fol-

lowing terms: "It appears to me to contain, on the whole, more valuable information and sound criticism on the subject in question than any which has hitherto come under my notice."

The present work certainly soars far above every thing in the shape of Greek syntax for the use of boys at school which we have yet seen. It contains in a small compass the cream of many large works. It possesses those qualities which chiefly constitute the accidental excellence of a book: it is concise and clear, and at the same time most interesting; one really feels a difficulty in laying it down, which is more than you can say of most works on syntax. Not the least valuable and interesting part of it consists in those parallel constructions and phrases which the author instances from modern languages.

We sincerely trust it will find its way into our own colleges; for all who know what education is, know well that a careful study of the Greek language and literature is the surest and the best means of imparting a vigorous and accurate tone of thought: and it is really paying too great a respect to antiquity, if the old *Eton*, albeit with Moody's Notes appended, should still be in vogue, while such works as this, or as the grammar by Professor O'Leary, which we noticed in our last Number, or, again, as that by Geddes of Aberdeen, are to be had.

We are tempted to give, as a specimen of the author's *modus operandi*, the opening sentences of his preface:

"In opposition to the German school of philosophisers upon Greek syntax founded by Hermann, and continued by Matthiæ, Buttmann, Thiersch, Krüger, and Kühner, has arisen of late years the Danish school of positive canonists, with Madvig at its head. With these the pendulum is now oscillating towards the opposite extreme; for, while the Germans, with boundless daring, undertook to explain every thing, the Danes, as if in scientific despair, explain almost nothing.

"In the following work I have endeavoured to steer a middle course, not only classifying, but, wherever it could be done with any probability, accounting for the facts of Greek syntax; the object being, to furnish the student not only with a *vade-mecum* of rules, but also with a guide to principles. As *cram* is to culture, so are rules to principles; and it is only when the rationale of phenomena, whether in language or in nature, is inquired into, that the study of either becomes an instrument of culture; for culture, in so far as it affects the relation of the mind to objects of thought, may be said to consist in the continual elimination of the accidental from the necessary, and to result in the reconciliation of all things by the discovery of a few first principles. Besides, the manifold character of Greek constructions, arising from the preservation of ancient synthesis by an extensive inflection of the declinable parts of speech on the one hand, and from the admission of modern analysis on the other, by an extensive use of the article and of prepositions, renders an investigation of principles peculiarly necessary, and peculiarly instructive, in Greek."

And to take, without any selection, one specimen from the work itself. The author is speaking of reflexive verbs: "Obs. 4. Emphatic Reflexive Form. a) In proportion to the convenience of a lingual form is the frequency of its use. Accordingly, the reflexive form, being in Greek the most convenient possible, inasmuch as it is expressed by one word, without any aid of pronoun or preposition, is used in very many instances where we content ourselves with the simple verb. Thus (Thuc. i. 2, 7) ἀδηλον ὅν ὁπότε τις ἐπελθὼν . . . ἀφαιρήσεται—'it being uncertain when some one might come and carry off (their goods).' The English is perfectly clear; but the Greek is more precise, ἀφαιρήσεται—

‘carry off for his own behoof.’” Here the author appends the following marginal note: “The reflexive form of the verb, in German, French, and Italian, being also convenient, is frequently used. In English, however, the reflexive form is awkward, requiring the use of an inharmonious dissyllabic pronoun (myself, &c.), and often a preposition (*from* or *for*) to boot; so that it is used only when it cannot be avoided, which is seldom. Latham says, that *I fear me*, used by Lord Campbell in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, is the fragment of an extensive system of reflexive verbs, developed in different degrees in the different Gothic languages, and in all more than in the English. (*English Language*, § 391.) To *bethink oneself*, to *betake oneself*, are examples of the very few English verbs which can be used only as reflexives.” He then proceeds in the text: “b) Farther, in proportion to the frequency with which any lingual form is used, especially if it be also used in *various modifications* of its primary sense, are its emphasis and precision enfeebled; but this degeneracy of lingual forms into weakness and indistinctness is constantly met by an augmentative tendency in the forms themselves. Hence, instead of the simple middle form, the reflexive pronouns are sometimes employed with the active and even with the middle, as (Thucyd. i. 31, 7) οὐδὲ ἐσεγράψαντο ἑαυτοῦς—‘nor had they inscribed themselves.’ By this great law of compensation, which reigns throughout the whole transition of a language from the synthetic to the analytic state, are explained the redundancies of language, as logic calls them: *e. g.* (Hesiod. Op. 763) ἐκ Διόθεν for Διόθεν, like our own ‘*from whence*’ for ‘*whence*.’ So ταῦτόν and ἄτερον are used with the article, although they already contain it.” pp. 57, 58.

The Legend of the Wandering Jew. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. (London, Addey and Co.) M. Gustave Doré has gone *per saltum* over the heads of all modern designers for engravings on wood. Since the time of Bewick, the English school has done much; but it has failed to comprehend the whole capabilities of the material; and the profusion with which books and periodicals are illustrated, and the speed with which engravings *must* be produced, has tended to advance executive ability at the expense of imagination and all the higher qualities of the artist. We are fairly surfeited with the facile conventionalities of Mr. Gilbert, the smooth commonplaces of Mr. Harvey, the dull domesticities of Mr. Duncan, and a host of others. Not that these gentlemen have not done well in their way, but the way is a narrow one, and we know it by heart. M. Doré casts conventionalities to the winds. The engraver who follows him must wield the burin with no timid or hesitating fingers, but with the firm grip of a Titan. He is a man who can see with a clear eye, and grasp with a true perception, what it is that gives life and character to light and shade, storm and sunshine; and he is an equal master in discerning those intricate muscular contractions and relaxations which write good and evil on the face and limbs of animate beings. The bent of his mind leads him to develop his genius and acquirements in the grotesque,—a style which in its highest form is the artistic commingling of the sublime and the ludicrous,—in illustration of the truth that fallen man is so imperfect a creature, that the ridiculous finds a very fitting place even in and during his highest flights. In dealing thus with things of grave import, there is danger, undoubtedly, of verging on, or falling into, the profane; and we must admit, that M. Doré is in some degree obnoxious to a charge of the kind; but we are unwilling to consider his fault as of *malice prepense*. Taking the most severe view, it is as nothing com-

pared with the absolute profanity of nine-tenths of the sickly, sentimental, unbelieving, disgusting puerilities which do duty as sacred prints in what miscalls itself the religious world,—the world that shudders at the sign of the Cross, and thinks to serve God by denying the Sacraments.

M. Doré, it is clear, has well studied the great Italians, and the Flemings great and little; though not perhaps quite in the academical spirit. His originality of conception and treatment have, notwithstanding, suffered no injury. The well-known, well-worn, and not very pleasing legend of the Wandering Jew supplies him with a subject admirably adapted to his taste. With the letter-press and music which accompany his performance, we could well have dispensed; they are an impertinence in presence of a master who can tell his story in such strong and forcible language, and should be left to tell it his own way. We subjoin a short notice of each plate.

1. Ahasuerus, or Cartaphilus, the hero of the legend, stands, boots and hammer in hand, on the wooden steps leading to his shop—*à la botte judaïque*. He has just refused rest to the Saviour, groaning under the weight of His cross, and the doom is already upon him: he must never know rest until the judgment. At once he is stunned by the curse. The crowd struggle zigzag up the hill of shame; but the eyes of all within reach turn to the blighted man with leer, and sneer, and grin; for, infidel as they are, they have an instinctive feeling that Christ's word will not fall to the ground. Boys tumble, leap, and play, on and around the crosses prepared for the thieves on the mount, which swarms with a gibing multitude awaiting its bloody feast. We could have spared the yelping cur that snarls at our Lord.

2. A magnificent conception; the sublime and terrible with no admixture. Ages have rolled on, and the Jew in his weary travels leaves a town on the Rhine or Danube. It is evening; the wind howls, the black thunder-clouds pour down a cataract on the plashy road, as, staff and scrip in hand, and bare-headed, the worn old man turns a stealthy glance towards a way-side crucifix, not daring in his despair even to ask for mercy. The execution is perfect.

3. The grotesque in full force. Surely Doré must have made acquaintance with Hogarth, among others. The Jew enters ancient Brussels, and is received by peruked and pigtailed burgesses and the town-guard. A half-circle, made up of Flanderkin brats and cackling geese, complete a scene rich and oily in humour. A minute angel, however, with pointed weapon, goads the unhappy man to further travels.

4. He has been entertained at a Flemish pot-house, and landlady and guests strive to detain him. National character was never so juicily rendered by Teniers, Mieris, or Ostade. It is a great Flemish picture with a soul added. The Jew hears not, sees not, the boors whose rough caresses would hold him back; his eyes are glued to an awful shadowy form which fills the air, and onwards he must go.

5. He walks dry-footed across a flood, for his life is charmed; but in the ripple the terrible scene of Calvary dazzles his sight. Again the rabble strike the falling Christ, while each blow rends the heart-strings of the miserable wanderer. The background is a dreamy mysterious range of river, mountain-scenery, and ruined castles.

6. Perhaps the finest of the series. The Jew has wandered into a graveyard, and his soul yearns for death. He envies those who have attained their rest; but the very headstones mock at him. The sun rises, and the morning clouds drift into the dreaded semblance of the fatal procession; his own shadow, and the waving grass, each become

alive with the same fearful vision ; it is above, below, and around him. In conception and execution this print is a masterpiece.

7. He traverses a rugged, blasted, mountain-valley ; and the vision sweeps by, as a wild demoniacal train, distorting the shattered pines into spectral shapes. The angel of vengeance alone, white and shining, retains his heavenly aspect, and reminds us that the goblin spectacle is but the fabrication of the burning brain of a frenzied man. It is in this sense only that this design can be defended.

8. The Jew has climbed to the region of eternal snows. The sinking Saviour with the cross, and the mob of persecutors, are sculptured in giant figures of ice. There is no escape, and the wanderer prepares to descend.

9. A ghastly dream. He stands unhurt amid the din of a frightful combat. The fragments of dismembered bodies continue a diabolical fight, torn-out hearts smoke at his feet, and the ground is soaked in gore. We can only suppose that the artist means to shadow forth what battles would be, if the savage fury, the implacable hatred, the parching thirst for vengeance which occupy the souls of contending men, were not limited in action by the feebleness of a frame so easily pierced, smitten, and destroyed.

10. The Jew is wrecked. A supernatural hurricane tosses the ship like a cockle-shell on the rocks, and all must perish save one,—the only one who pants for death. Again he walks on the waves ; and drowning wretches cling in vain to his flowing beard, which snaps in their grasp. The kraken swallows a spar loaded with a freight of screaming victims. In the storm-clouds the old scene appears.

11. *A South-American Valley.* Caymans gape at him, gigantic boas, lizards, toads, and obscene reptiles glare at him, but dare not touch the forbidden prey. Palm-groves, with thick-set massive columns, curtain the precipitous banks of a sombre river, whose tepid waters swarm with hosts of alligators. The characteristics of this class of animal life are well understood, and well applied to the purposes of the artist.

12. We hardly know what to say about this last print, except that we do not like it. M. Doré, no doubt, felt the almost insuperable difficulty of ending his story in a manner at once sublime, and consistent with what had gone before ; so he gives the reins to his sense of the absurd, and satirises his own failure. The judgment is come, and with a sigh and grin of delight the Jew drags off his boots, which will be of no use to him in heaven, where his expiation is accepted. A band (*à la Mons. Jullien*) of singularly-conceived angelic forms is exploded with a burst of light from above ; below the flames of hell break forth, and devils ineffectually tug at the pardoned sinner. There are many striking things in the design ; but as a whole it is very objectionable.

There is, as was inevitable, some inequality in the rendering of these remarkable designs by the clever wood-engravers who have undertaken the task. It is no easy matter to translate such free and decisive strokes, and so pregnant with meaning, on to the surface of a block of wood, folio size. In some examples, notwithstanding, their success is triumphant. This is the first we have seen of M. Doré's works ; but we do not hesitate to affirm, that a dozen such designs as No. 2 and No. 6, the Wayside Cross and the Graveyard, should suffice to establish a lasting and well-earned reputation. We hope to praise some future work of the artist's, without any reticence on the score we have mentioned.

Adulterations detected. By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D. When the Timminses gave their memorable little dinner, the guests who assisted

at that unfortunate banquet were in due course submitted to the incomparable prowess of Professor William Makepeace Thackeray, who subsequently disclosed to an admiring public the results of his scientific analysis. What Professor Thackeray did, with such exquisite humour, for the eaters, Dr. Hassall has done for the eaten without any humour at all; unless it be a touch of ill-humour, a kind of lovers' quarrel with Mr. "Lancet" Wakley, and a cat-and-dog (*i. e.* post-nuptial) wrangle with Dr. "Officer-of-Health" Letheby. And verily Dr. Hassall is to be commended for seeing no fun in the matter; nobody but our most facetious Premier could fit a joke with the point of an arrow seized from "Death in the Pot." The fact is, that where we looked for a little rivulet of roguery meandering through the broad fields of commerce, we find ourselves up to the elbows in a treacherous bog of knavery which underlies the whole surface. The poor victim of a nefarious commissariat rises in the morning with furred tongue and languid limbs, the consequences of previous sufferings; and seats himself at the breakfast-table, jocund in its snowy damask, and spread with ample fare. What mockery! he cannot eat the table-cloth, and that is the only pure thing before him. His fresh Epping butter is "Irish salt," manipulated in a back-room at Lambeth; his bread is eked out with "cones" flour; his milk was coaxed from a consumptive cow in a London cellar, and is half water besides; his tea is "faced" with Prussian blue and gypsum; his Scotch marmalade was grown in a turnip-field; and the stimulus with which he fillips his abused appetite is a humble sprat, which, painted in bole Armenian or Venetian red, blushes to find itself doing duty as anchovy! We skip lunch, supposing our friend, of course, to belong to good society; which confines its desires at two o'clock to a glass of sherry and a biscuit, both of which may, *by accident*, be unsophisticated. But the duties of the day performed, and the graces duly propitiated by soap, water, and a clean collar, he puts his legs under the domestic mahogany, and smiling at the wife of his bosom, applies himself to the serious performance of dining. He is fond, doubtless—all Londoners are—of the appetising assistants which add, as it were, perfume to the violet, flavour to the crude animal fibre, relish to the simple vegetable. Alas! the mustard is wedded, in Mormon polygamy, to turmeric, rice, and possibly plaster-of-Paris; the pepper is mixed with linseed-meal, the Cayenne with red-lead; the curry-powder, which renders yesterday's chicken so presentable and useful, is compounded with the same villanous oxide, potato-starch, and ground-rice; the salad is sown with free sulphuric acid, tart to the palate with corrosive sublimate; the pickles are verdant with copper in abundance, and the gages are green with a similar unnatural greenness. The very raspberry-jam, that peeps from its puffy coat, is a delusion and a snare; nothing but the cheaper *currant* article with a deceitful twang of orris-root. But why continue the horrible catalogue? Who expects porter to be free from treacle, cocculus-indicus, or grains miscalled of Paradise? "What is wine?" as Messrs. Foster and Ingle importunately demand of every omnibus traveller in the metropolis, and we dare say elsewhere. What indeed! But, in the name of Hygeia and Mercurius, must respectable fathers of families submit to have their stomachs ruddled like the backs of sheep,—must they consent to have them lined with copper, coated with lead, corrugated with corrosive acids,—while all the time their pockets are being picked by rascally cheats? Enough of jesting, however; for there is a very grave aspect of the case.

The evidence taken by Mr. Scholefield's Committee in the House of Commons, and the abundant facts supplied by the *Lancet* and the

works of Dr. Hassall and others, prove, beyond a shadow of doubt, that the baneful and immoral practice of adulteration is all but universal; that it extends from the highest to the lowest class of traders in food and medicine, wherever sophistication is possible. The offenders have been gibbeted by name and residence in hundreds and *in thousands*; but the sharp, decisive, and ready remedy the law offers them has in no case been sought; they have absolutely suffered judgment to go by default. It is high time that the legislature should endeavour to stay the moral rot at the root of commerce. We see scant justice in transporting Bill Sykes for hoccussing his prey before he robs him, while Mr. Oily Smirk, the grocer, red-leads his Cayenne with impunity; it is hard to punish Alphonsus Delacour, the swell-mobsmen, for card-sharpping, while Mac-Swindle, the great Italian warehouseman, sells gelatine, worth fourpence an ounce, as best isinglass at sixteen or eighteen pence. The reader may smile at what he considers exaggeration, but we have stated what is simple daily fact. Out of twenty-four samples of Cayenne analysed, four only were pure; thirteen contained red-lead, the rest other abominations. Of twenty-eight samples of so-called isinglass, ten were gelatine only. We cannot at present enter at more length into a subject in which the millions of consumers are so deeply interested; but repeat, that the time is come when the aid of the strong arm of the law is loudly called for to protect the fair dealer, and punish the wrong-doer. The cumbrous and expensive machinery of the Excise has proved utterly worthless and contemptible, even where nominally applicable; but, with the help of modern science, a very easy and summary mode of coping with the evil might readily be devised. We recommend Dr. Hassall's present and former works on the subject to all desultory readers; that is, to ninety-nine out of every hundred who open a book.

Poems. By F. W. Faber, D.D. (London, Richardson.) This handsome volume contains a selection from the various poems which were, we believe, the first-fruits of Father Faber's literary life. Though we cannot but think that sacred oratory is more especially suited to his genius than poetry, we must at the same time concede, that a torrent of eloquence like his could never have been attained without considerable practice in versification. We consider that the special defect of these poems is their fluency; a fatal gift, that enabled the writer, when he was struck by a beautiful thought or image which might occupy perhaps two lines, immediately, without any trouble, to add to them the dozen or so more which were wanted to complete the sonnet or ode; and which, though decent enough for the produce of a minor minstrel, are generally unworthy to be the complement of the thought or the picture which Father Faber employs them to frame. Take as instances the two sonnets at page 199, —one to the Mediterranean sea, beginning:

“ O thou old heartless sea, without a tide
To bless thee with its changing !”

and the other :

“ There are no shadows where there is no sun ;
There is no beauty where there is no shade :
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.”

If these pieces had been completed as they were commenced, they would have been worthy of our greatest sonnet-writers.

The Divine Education of the Church, and Modern Experiments. By F. A. Nash, A.M., author of “The Scriptural Idea of Faith.” (Lon-

don, Richardson.) One cannot read a page of this book without feeling that the author is a man who thinks originally, decisively, sometimes profoundly, and sometimes also obscurely; but, on the whole, it is a work which ought to have its influence among the inquirers of the present day. It is in substance a book on developments; and shows that the changes of the external form of the Church are owing to its divine education, while the changes which have introduced other forms of Christianity have placed them in the position of human modifications of the divine institution. The plan (as far as we have read) is carried out in a very talented manner; and almost each page contains some proposition which sets the reader thinking,—an excellent quality in a book.

"The Catholic Church," he says, "invites all opponents to examine her claims, *but every man for himself*; she submits nothing to the tribunal of public opinion." Mr. Ambrose Philips should learn, that she cannot treat heretics as forming an organised whole, however true it may be, as Mr. Nash shows, that she is the only body that ever converted nations in their collective capacity.

"Not only are Protestants often protesting against what no one maintains, but also there is on the other side a disputatious way of propounding the most sacred truth, which shifts the blame of its rejection—in part, at least—from the hearer to the speaker. It is no wonder Protestants should think as they do, when and where trouble is not taken to meet their hereditary prejudices, or to make the truth attractive to any but those *who have* already felt its attraction."

Again:

"It has been said publicly that 'there ought to be free-trade in religion as in other things.' The worst thing about this assertion is its form. . . . To 'invest' zeal, learning, persuasion, and works of charity in the accumulation of the souls of men under a true system, is a department of lawful commerce; and all that is required is, that the transaction should be honest and the coin sterling. The article of produce in which it deals being spiritual, the payments must be spiritual also. To invest money in the capture of converts is altogether contraband; and is accordingly found, as an occupation, lucrative, exciting, attractive, and perilous. To attract or retain proselytes by fanatical or sentimental cant, is to make payment in forged bills. But the man who spends himself in winning men to the truth, . . . establishes the nature and advantage of a free-trade in religion."

We are sorry that Mr. Nash appears not to approve of our historical investigations. "Titus Oates may better be left to settle his religious differences with Guy Fawkes. . . . No good can now accrue from investigating the enlightened avidity with which one party seized on the spoils of the Church, or the pious cruelty which the other brought to revenge the sacrilege."

This clever essay is the work of a mind in a transition state, and contains many opinions which the author will doubtless see cause to modify when he has more experience as a Catholic. But as a contribution to our controversial literature it is of considerable value.

The Civiltà Cattolica, the Roman bi-monthly periodical, has now established itself as one of the leading Catholic organs of Europe. Its success may be attributed partly to the insight of the editors into the character and wants of the age,—an age that requires, more than most others which have preceded it, that philosophy, history, the moral sciences, and the whole system of intellect and thought, should be imbued and vivified by the Catholic spirit; and partly to the carefulness and completeness of the reviews which it gives of contemporary Catholic

literature. Its circulation in non-Italian countries has hitherto been impeded by the uncertainties and expense which attended its delivery to foreign subscribers. The editors have taken the opportunity of their having entered into arrangements with agents in these kingdoms for furnishing their paper with regularity, to invite all "dutiful children of the Catholic Church, who possess some knowledge of the Italian tongue, to take part in the advancement of a work whose only object it is to contribute, by all the agencies within its reach, to the re-establishment of the rational, social, and historical sciences on a Christian and Catholic foundation." We have great pleasure in recommending it to our readers.

We have received several works, especially some from America, which we are prevented by want of space from noticing in our present Number, but which shall receive our attention at an early period.

Correspondence.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW AND THE WORK OF THE CONVERTS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MY DEAR SIR,—Some three years ago you were so good as to notice, in a very kind manner, myself and my work here. I did not then, as perhaps I ought to have done, acknowledge immediately in the pages of the *Rambler* the result of your notice; and, as time went on, it grew to appear to me that it would be an impertinence to trouble yourself and your readers with my affairs.* An occasion has, however, arisen, which seems to justify me in appearing in your pages without deservedly incurring the reproach of an importunate egotism. In what I have to say, I trust that there will be found something to interest those who take any interest in the progress of religion in England; and this must be my excuse for writing this letter. The occasion to which I allude is in this wise. The *Dublin Review*, in its article on the "Present Catholic Dangers," gives a list of new missions in England and Scotland which owe their origin entirely to converts. I had supposed, and indeed do still suppose, that Wednesbury ought to have had a place in that list. Yet it would not trouble me that it was not noticed, nor myself in connection with it, were it not that the absence of my name from the muster-roll of converts who have founded missions exposes me to the imputation of falsehood or folly. I have sought aid from friends and Catholics generally, on the ground that I was engaged in founding a new mission; and now it would appear that I did not represent a fact, or that I failed to accomplish what I undertook. Now, however it might conduce to my highest and true interests to remain quiescent under this imputation, I do not, because I believe that a different course may benefit the flock I serve, may draw attention to a certain mischievous inequality existing in England in the demand and supply of the aids and consolations of religion, and may help to disclose one

* What you said about Wednesbury procured me contributions which amounted in the aggregate to fifty pounds.

of the chief causes of the little progress that the Church has made, of late years, amongst the masses of the English people. No worse result can come of my present act than that I may be thought a vain person, who utters unchristian and unmanly complaints at not having been noticed; and that opinion will not injure any one. As to my being a convert, I am not proud of it; but I could not conceal the fact if I would. My name is known in Ireland as Protestant of the Protestant; and in Dublin my family was for more than a century foremost amongst those citizens who there upheld English and Protestant interests. If report speaks truly, the reviewer is that illustrious person who received you, my dear Mr. Capes, and myself, at the same hour, into the communion of holy Church. If this be so, I must suppose that he who has recorded the grave-diggers of the catacombs does not forget the priests who are striving to build up the waste places of the Church, of which he is himself the crown and glory; and that, having an excellent memory, his Eminence has a particular recollection of those places which interest him most; and amongst those places must be the parts of the diocese which he once ruled where the most forlorn of the Catholic poor are crowded. I conclude, then, that Wednesbury and Wednesbury's priest were not forgotten, but omitted by the reviewer when he drew up his list, "as complete as he was able to make it." Now, it is not exactly and physically true that those missions set down in the *Dublin Review* owe their origin entirely to the persons whose names are placed after them; hence the statement of the text is qualified by the heading of the list, which is, of "Churches, Missions, &c. erected by Converts." Neither is it the fact, that the persons named in the list did, in all cases, what they are said to have done at their own sole cost. Erdington, for example, was a mission, and possessed a decent building, which served for chapel and school, before Mr. Haigh became a Catholic. But the glory of the beautiful church which he has erected at his sole cost, has naturally eclipsed the memory of all former things done for Erdington. Drs. Newman and Faber did not build the "Oratories" at their own expense, entirely or principally. It is worthy of note, too, that the location of the missions mentioned in the *Review* was not in every case determined by the needs of a poor flock of the faithful perishing in the English wilderness. This is not said in order to insinuate odious comparisons; but for a good purpose, which will appear in the sequel. I did not indeed project, so to speak, the mission here: every Catholic who had any thing to do with the district long ago desired to have a mission in Wednesbury. The Cardinal, when Vicar-Apostolic of the central district, desired it; and the priests who had care of the district desired it; and the faithful in the place desired it: but it still lay in the region of the possible. Beautiful churches were erected in different parts of Staffordshire, and other places in the central district. Large churches, which cost many thousands of pounds, and whole communities of priests, were established in parishes where the people, Protestant and Catholic together, are counted only by hundreds; but the thousands of the poor famine-stricken Irish, who had come to the "black country" to look for work, were left without priest or altar. Indeed, from what I have witnessed in this part of England during the twelve years of my Catholic life, I must say, that the care of English Catholics for the glory of the material temple of God, and their zeal to make converts, have greatly exceeded their concern for the living temple, and for the poor outcasts that have come to trust under the shadow of England's Church. I have seen, for instance, at Cheddle, in the north of this county, a magnificent church, built at an

enormous cost. At the opening of that church, in 1846, nearly, if not quite, all the English Bishops were assembled, and the heads of the religious orders, and I know not how many priests and lords and ladies. And I saw, soon after Cheadle Church was opened, at a place about five miles from Cheadle, Cotton Hall, now St. Wilfred's, a large and beautiful church, built by one of the Oratorians, then one of the "Brothers of the will of God," as Father Faber called his companions; and at this same St. Wilfred's, a large manor-house was enlarged and altered and made a house for religious, and there a community of Passionists was placed after the "Brothers of the will of God" had become Oratorians and migrated to London. And Cheadle has but a scant population of any kind, and St. Wilfred's is in a glen in the moor-country. Round about it there are, or were, a few so-called converts, who went to Mass, and of whom one might hope that they had received the gift of faith. And in many other agricultural and thinly-peopled parts of the central district beautiful and large churches were built, and in several places communities of religious men were placed. All the while, poor Irish Catholics were gathering by hundreds yearly in and about Wednesbury, forlorn, forgotten, despised; so that when the Bishop of Birmingham sent me to organise a mission here, he wrote: "You have in hand one of the most urgent and necessitous works that the English Church can point out. A large congregation, and that a fast increasing one, has grown up and come together without having church or school or resident pastor." Ah, some of our church-builders have been little in accord with their Bishops; their work and their planting was not the planting of God. What is now the condition of some of the places I have spoken of? The spirit of desolation has come and settled in them, and sorrow and gloom have overshadowed them. St. Wilfred's is shut up; and from Cheadle the nuns have fled in disgust and despair, to find a home and a welcome in Black Bilston. "Where the body is, there will the eagles be gathered." Gone are the Passionists from St. Wilfred's and from Aston, gone the Redemptorists from Hanley, gone the Oblates of the Immaculate Conception from Old Oscott. Some have gone to the home of religion in these western isles, and some to the busy haunts of men in England's crowded cities. They and their prelates and bishops and pastors planted and watered; but God gave no increase to their labours, they could reap no harvest, gather no fruit. Hungry and thirsty their souls fainted in them, and they said one to another, Let us go hence; and they are gone. When I became a Catholic, what provision did I not see made in these parts for the spiritual wants of the Catholics to come, when England's hopeful peasantry, the descendants of St. Gregory's angels, should be converted! Priests of a strange tongue were gathered from foreign lands, and religious men of divers orders—Italians and Frenchmen and Germans, Passionists and Redemptorists and Brothers of Charity and Oblates of Mary. And I could not but marvel how the poor Catholics that *had* come were neglected the while. The poor Church was made to seem like a mother that has many children indeed, but lean ill-favoured things, whom she values little in comparison of the beautiful one she is about to produce. Alas, poor religious that settled in the rural districts, have you not now to say with the prophet, "Concepimus, et quasi parturivimus, et peperimus spiritum: salutes non fecimus in terra, ideo non ceciderunt habitatores terræ!" I could not but marvel to see what abundant spiritual care was secured for certain places of woods and fields; whilst four large towns in this mining district,—Bilston, Wednesbury, Willenhall, and Darlaston,—that have now a population of some seventy thousand, of whom at least seven thousand are Ca-

tholics, were committed to the sole charge of one priest, and he falling into a consumption: I speak of the late Rev. Michael Crewe of Bilston, —peace to his soul! He it was who started the Wednesbury mission; he collected two hundred pounds, and his worthy brother lent him two hundred more, and he bought land in Wednesbury whereon to build a church and schools. Had Mr. Crewe lived a little longer, he would, I believe, have done more than I have done, and done better. What he did do, though overburdened with work and tottering on the brink of the grave, is an earnest of what he might have done. But God took him, three years and a half after he had been ordained priest; and great part of that time he was incapacitated by illness for all active work. At the time of Mr. Crewe's decease, Wednesbury was without priest or altar; and the land which had been bought was not given into the possession of Catholics, and two hundred pounds was due upon it. So things were when the Bishop of Birmingham sent me to the "black country," "to work up the mission of Wednesbury." I was to have had the post of whipper-in to the Oratorians of Birmingham, to be a curate to look after "the Irish," and answer their importunate calls; but this arrangement fell through, and his lordship sent me where the flock are many and rude and poor, and, in the world's view, mean and vile.

Could his lordship have honoured me more than by sending me,—a neophyte, a Catholic of five years, a priest of one,—to take charge of those who are of all his flock the dearest to his apostolic heart? Let those who ask, Have I the confidence of the Bishop? ponder these words of the Apostle: "*. . . quæ videntur membra corporis infirmiora esse (the poor and ignorant) necessaria sunt; et quæ putamus ignobiliora membra corporis (the spalpeen Irish), his honorem abundantiorum circumdamus.*" He who has no title but the glorious one of his office,—missioner apostolic,—is honoured in the rudeness and meanness of his numerous flock. Ancient and most quiet priests are honoured in their titles of canon and rector; and so there is an equality. Well, Wednesbury has now a priest and a chapel and schools, and a Catholic cemetery. Surely it is of some account that one is careful to bury the dead. I did not give all the money that has been contributed for Wednesbury; but I have given nearly as much as all the other benefactors together; and I have laboriously collected most of the other donations. What I did give, was all the living that I had when I came here; not much, to be sure, but yet enough to have enabled me to live according to my tastes; not much, yet what was dear to my natural pride for reasons that I need not mention; not much, for love of the poor whose "faith and patience" had led me into the way of life. I have done no more than became a converted Irish parson; no more than became one who has solemnly spoken these words: "*Dominus pars hereditatis meæ et calicis mei, tu es qui restitues hereditatem meam mihi;*" no more than became a missioner apostolic, placed amongst a people who have neither home nor country; no more than became a client of St. Thomas, who reads every year these words of St. Gregory: "*Qui non dat pro ovibus substantiam suam: quando pro his daturus est animam suam?*" Perhaps I have done no more than give way to a natural impatience to accomplish what I undertook. Who can tell? God knows. But in the mind of the charitable, I have deserved well of the English Church; though, thank God! my reward here has been that my existence is forgotten and my work ignored. And forgotten I were content to be till that day which shall declare all things, when "every one shall bear his own burden, and every man shall have praise from God;" but there are many things which I wish to do, and to do speedily; and I cannot do them.

without assistance. Amongst your readers, sir, there are, I am sure, some of an heroic spirit; possibly I may by this move some of them to give me help, and not to me only, but also to my brother-missioners in this "black country." I am not one who would join in the cry to any earthly patron, "*Oculi omnium in te sperant, domine,*" as we seemed lately to cry to Lord Shrewsbury; but I do not despise the aid of the worldly great, and would do what I could without flunkeyism to secure it. Let me say, then,—and have I not some right to speak to English Catholics?—that a few thousands of pounds, say five or six, would serve to set up, not only this mission, but also Bilston and West Bromwich. In this district, in which Mr. Crewe laboured alone some nine years ago, there are now three priests,—two at Bilston, and myself here; yet we are broken down with labour. We have immense flocks of rude poor people, who require constant looking after, whom we must "warn night and day, both publicly and in visits from house to house." Bilston wants another priest to serve the town of Willenhall, and about a thousand pounds to pay off the debt upon the chapel which Mr. Davies has built there. Wednesbury requires two priests more—one of them for Darlaston, and a convent of nuns, and about two thousand pounds to pay off debts and build a chapel in Darlaston. And West Bromwich needs another priest for Oldbury, and about a thousand pounds. In these missions we do not want annual stipends; but we want a fair start, a few more churches and schools, and some apostolic men. The chapels and schools men may give us if they will; the labourers the Lord of the harvest can alone supply. Let some of our Catholic young gentlemen form themselves into a confraternity for the purpose of supplying the poor and populous missions with churches and schoolhouses, and all that is needful in the way of buildings will soon be done.

If there be no more any work for templars or hospitallers, surely there is much that our Catholic gentry might do without the vows of religion being taken. But, sir, you have no more space, and I have no more time or patience, left for these matters. Let any one who wishes to discuss it further come and see me. I will add only, Catholics of England, if the vile rude poor be forsaken and forgotten, instead of being cherished with the tenderest care, your Church and your country will both go to ruin; whereas a care of the poor will make your Church, which God has restored through the poor, to flourish and increase. Remember that it was the Irish poor who brought back the Bishops;* remember how, as I have shown, efforts made where the Irish poor are not, have failed; and think whether it is not the Irish poor who will bring back the people to the Church in this land.

Before I have done, sir, let me pay a tribute of respect to my friend Mr. Grenside, of Rugeley in this county. He is not in the reviewer's list, yet he is a church-builder and a convert. To his persevering unostentatious exertions it is mainly owing, that Rugeley now possesses one of the handsomest churches, schoolhouses, and presbyteries, in Staffordshire. A Catholic gentleman of the neighbourhood gave a munificent donation; but Mr. Grenside collected most of the money which those buildings cost. His spirit may be judged of from the fact, that he lives himself in the mission which his labours have enriched, in abject poverty. If I have been forgotten, the other benefactors of this mission are not by me forgotten; they are faithfully remembered, and every week I offer the holy sacrifice for their welfare. Special gratitude is due to you, sir; and it is indeed rendered by your obliged and faithful friend,

GEORGE MONTGOMERY.

* See Letter of Bishop of Birmingham to the *Times*.